

ANARCHIST WHO TRIED TO KILL M. CLEMENCEAU

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[16 PAGES.]

One Penny.

## ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE THE FRENCH PREMIER



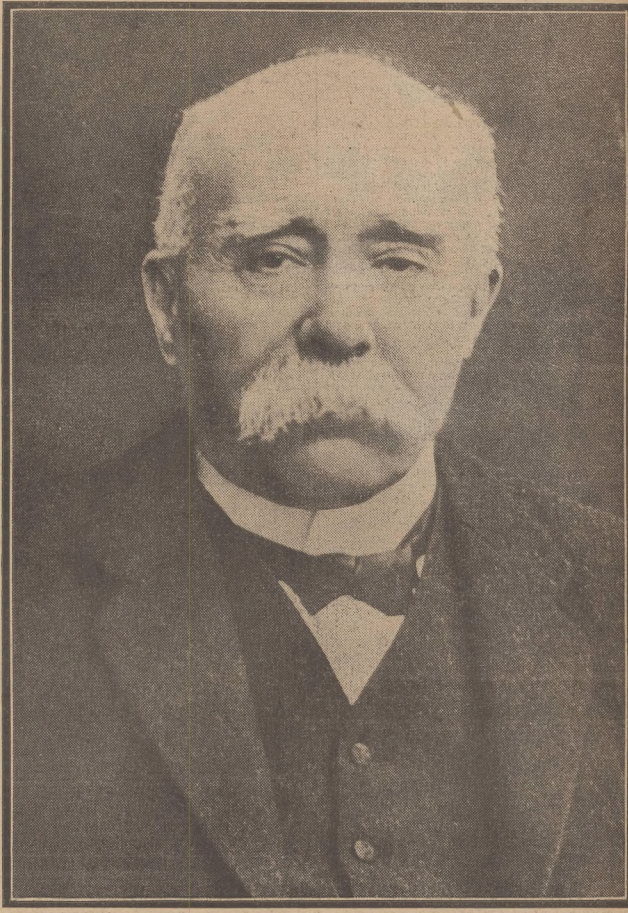
A visit to the front. Lunching amid the ruins on the Somme.



Watching an aerial combat.



He introduces Sir Douglas Haig to a curé.



A studio portrait of M. Clemenceau. "The Tiger," as he is known, is seventy-seven.



President Wilson speaking at the Peace Conference. On his motion M. Clemenceau was elected Permanent President.

A report that an attempt had been made to assassinate M. Clemenceau reached London yesterday. It stated that as the veteran French Premier was driving along a Paris



boulevard in a limousine seven or eight shots were fired at him, wounding him in the rear part of the shoulder. His assailant was immediately arrested.



# DRAMA OF THE SHOT MAJOR.

## Maid's Story of Destroyed Photographs.

### CARTRIDGES IN COURT.

"Like the Ones I Saw in Colonel Rutherford's Drawer."

For the sixth time Lieutenant-Colonel Norman Cecil Rutherford, D.S.O., was placed in the dock at West London Police Court yesterday charged with the wilful murder of Major Miles Charles Carleton Seton.

Colonel Rutherford, at the end of the hearing was remanded until Wednesday next.

Dramatic evidence was given on this occasion by Winifred Louth, Mrs. Rutherford's maid, who repeated her evidence at the previous hearing that she noticed when she was packing the Colonel's bag on the night of the tragedy a revolver lying on the settee.

The Colonel asked her to take the bag to the railway station.

Sir Archibald Bodkin (for the prosecution): Did you notice anything in the drawer in the Colonel's bedroom?—Yes, there were some letters, some coins, and also two cartridges.

Sir A. Bodkin produced an envelope full of cartridges, handed it to the witness, and asked her if she could pick out any cartridges similar to the ones she saw in the drawer mentioned.

The witness looked at them, picked out two, and said they were like them.

Witness said that as far as she could remember she last saw these cartridges on January 13. She looked at the drawer after the Colonel had gone on January 15, and on that occasion found nothing in the drawer.

She had never seen the pistol now produced before she saw it at the inquest. It was not in the Colonel's bag when she last took it up. The Service revolver and case now produced were the two she was referring to as having seen in the Colonel's house.

She next referred to the bell-pull in the Colonel's bedroom, and said that shortly after the Colonel came home she found the top of it had been wrenched off.

Did you ever stay at the Greyhound at Carshalton before Carshalton Place was ready?—Yes, Mrs. Rutherford stayed there for some time, too.

Did you ever see Major Seton at the Greyhound?—He came once.

## MAJOR SETON'S PORTRAIT.

Maid Says She Took It Away at Mrs. Rutherford's Request.

Miss Louth said that letters in Major Seton's handwriting had been delivered at the house, and when she took them in she gave them to Mrs. Rutherford.

Did you at any time see any portrait of Major Seton at Carshalton Place?—Yes, in the dressing-room. It was a photograph in a frame.

When did you last see it in the dressing-room?—I cannot be sure. It was a few days before the Colonel came home.

What was done with it?—I took it away at Mrs. Rutherford's request.

Where did you put it?—In my own room, because photographs of any men would have been destroyed or burnt. That was the only one left, so I took it away.

What do you mean by "being destroyed or burnt"?—The Colonel would have burnt or destroyed the photograph of any man.

Witness explained that she had known the Colonel burnt photographs in this way. She still had the photograph of Major Seton.

Did you take any other photographs into your room?—Yes, a small one.

(Continued on page 4.)

## MINISTRY OF MARRIAGE?

Lambeth Coroner Thinks Weddings Should Be Controlled.

"We should have a Ministry of Weddings in future. Some weddings ought not to be permitted." These were statements made by Mr. Odell, the Lambeth coroner, yesterday in commenting upon the fact that a man of fifty-seven had married a woman of twenty-seven.

They had only known each other a few days before they married, and then failed to agree after the birth of the first child.

Mr. Ingleby Odell, "Our story does not strike me as pathetic," he said to the husband. "You are old enough to be her father."

Naval Ratings who have been demobilised and who desire to re-enter the Navy for one year should apply to any naval recruiting officer and learn terms as regards pay, etc.



Herr Erzberger, who told critic he ought to have spoken for Foch. (See page 4.)



Mr. Daniels, who is investigating a bribery scandal in the United States Navy.

## NO RATIONED WORDS.

M.P.'s Proposal for a Time Limit for Talking Rejected.

### "A FATAL OBJECTION."

Speeches of M.P.'s will not be rationed.

When the Government proposals for the reform of the procedure of the House came up for discussion in the House of Commons yesterday Mr. H. B. Ratcliffe (Bradford) said that he was not impressed with two nights' experience of the way the House did its business.

"Long reports simply lead to long speeches and provide fortunes for the people who are collecting waste-paper," said Sir Edward Carson. Major Newman claimed that shorter speeches had been demanded in the House.

He moved that they be limited to fifteen and ten minutes in Committee, with power to the chairman to grant indulgence.

A Committee which sat on the subject and examined the Speaker, Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour was all for cutting down the allowance of time for talking, said Sir Major Newman.

Mr. Bonar Law, however, saw a fatal objection to the amendment, and it was withdrawn.

## LABOUR BAROMETER.

Welsh Miners in Favour of National Strike.

Belfast strike is ending.

Welsh miners' ballot in favour of a national strike. The final figures were—For, 32,903; against, 7,990. Some 16,000 anthracite miners at Swansea yesterday decided not to tender notices. Three districts showed a majority against a strike.

Mr. C. W. Bowerman, M.P., parliamentary secretary of the Trades Union Congress, is to ask the Prime Minister whether, since the miners' strike is timed for March 15, he will in the event of the ballot being in favour of a strike, ask the Coal Committee of Investigation for an interim report on wages and hours.

Shipbuilding trades conferred in London yesterday to consider wages and other questions, when it was decided to recommend all men to return to work on Monday.

Conference Scene.—A difference arose at the Shipbuilding conference on one of the rulings of the chairman (Mr. Brownlie, A.S.E.) and representatives of the Shipwrights, Blacksmiths and Boiler-makers societies left the hall.

Whitley Councils for Government establishment will be discussed at a trade union and Government conference to-day.

## "ALL RIGHT, OLD MAN."

What Prince Albert Said to Orderly at Canadian Pictures.

When the Queen, Princess Mary and Prince Albert visited the Canadian Battle Pictures at the Graffiti Galleries a French-Canadian orderly asked for their tickets, and on the Queen asking: "How much are they?" said: "One and three."

Prince Albert paid, and the orderly then drew catalogues, and again the Prince smilingly paid.

By the time the royal party was due to leave, however, the orderly had learnt who were the visitors, and, as they went out, endeavoured to apologise.

"That's all right, old man," said Prince Albert, slapping him on the back. "It was worth it!"

## BETTERING SERVANTS' LIVES.

A substantial improvement in the general level of the conditions of service is Mr. Parker's remedy for the shortage of domestic servants as stated in a reply to Mr. George Terrell in Parliament yesterday, and the Ministry of Labour is considering the question.

## EXPRESS CHARGES MILK CHURNS.

The Great Central Company's 2.34 express train from London to Manchester dashed into a heavy load of milk churns which was being drawn over the level crossing at Lutworth, near Leicester, on Tuesday. The trolley and churns were literally smashed, but fortunately the locomotive kept to the rails.

## MISTAKES OF LABOUR.

Mr. Clynes and the Jury of Public Opinion.

### LORDS AND THE UNREST.

"Even if employers do not do right, that is no reason why Labour should do wrong," said Mr. Clynes yesterday.

He was speaking at Saddler's Hall on "The responsibility of trade unionism in relation to industry."

Trade unionists should observe all that was expressed in the term "honouring agreements." When bargains were made they should be kept. They should always apply an open mind to new ideas relating to methods of production. Prices could be lowered till there was a substantial increase in production.

We had seen lately how decisive public opinion had been in the settlement of a dispute in which a body of workmen thought they would be able to settle their case in a few hours.

It was a bad thing for Labour to find public opinion against it.

The industrial unrest debate continued in the Lords yesterday. Lord Overstone said the only way was to convince the worker that employers were willing to give him more wages and shorter hours, but that that would be of no use to him unless he contributed by increased output to reduce the cost of production. (Hear, hear.)

Lord Emmott said the one vital thing was to get our export trade going again.

Viscount Haldane said we should not be in sight of the solution of this question until the working classes realised that there was equal opportunity for every man in the competition which was essential to the world.

The debate was adjourned.

## HIS INCONVENIENCE.

Judge and Man Who Left London During Raids.

"And very nice country, too!"

In these words Judge Parry, at Lambeth County Court, yesterday, testified his appreciation of Ivor, Bucks, as a place immune from air raids, of which, he said, we might have some more.

"Peace is not signed yet," he added cautiously to the plaintiff, James Walls, a post office employee, of the Bull Hotel, Ivor, who sought to recover possession of his house at Peckham, occupied by a Mrs. V. A. Denters.

Walls said that in 1915, when the air raids were on, he went to live in the country, and left his house to a defendant. "He now desired to return, as it was very inconvenient for him to get to his work."

Judge Parry: And it was quite as inconvenient for you when the air raids were on. The Judge said he should take an exceptional course in this case by adjourning it for a month to allow defendant an opportunity to get another house.

## HERBALIST AND PRAYER.

Versé of Hymn on Medicine Bottle—Musician's Death.

"I ask God to guide me and He does so."

This was the statement made by Robert Payne, herbalist, Third Avenue, Queen's Park, when giving evidence at the inquest yesterday on George Musgrave, sixty-seven, a street musician, of Appleford-road, Notting Hill, to whom he had several times given medicine.

Payne stated that upon receiving a note he went to see Musgrave and gave him some croton oil. He also left some cough mixture which contained laudanum.

Two medicine bottles and a pamphlet were found in deceased's room, one bottle being labelled "Payne's Blessing; blood mixture for human internal use and for the treatment of cancer, fits or dropsy." There was also on the label a verse of a hymn commencing "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

Dr. R. J. Mayberry, police surgeon, ascribed death to syncope from acute pneumonia, bronchitis and pleurisy. He was unable definitely to state if he had been accustomed to the administration of laudanum or croton oil. He considered it necessary to have a further examination of the body.

The inquest was therefore adjourned for this purpose.

## BRITAIN'S PEACEMAKERS.

Mr. Bonar Law informed Mr. Lambert in the House of Commons that the British Plenipotentiaries actually empowered to agree to peace with the Germans had been assembled yesterday at the Prime Minister, Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Balfour and Mr. Barnes and one representative from the Dominions, with the right to substitute another member at any particular stage.

## FIRE AT THEATRE.

At the Theatre Royal, Plymouth, last night at a performance of the Arcadians a slight fire broke out among the scenery a few minutes after the entertainment had commenced. The audience was greatly alarmed, but there was no panic and the fire was speedily extinguished. Considerable damage was done by water.

## HOW BOLSHIEVISTS ENSLAVE WOMEN.

Order to Requisition Sixty for Barracks.

### MIDDLE-CLASS VICTIMS.

"At Choice and Discretion of a Soviet Comrade."

It is announced on reliable authority that the following is an official document published in the *Anarchiste de Briansk* and reported in the *Krasnaya Mysl* of September 28 last:—

The Workmen's Soviet of Mourzilowka, September 16, 1918.

An Order to Comrade Gregoire Savellief. The Soviet hereby gives full power to Comrade Gregoire Savellief to requisition at his choice and discretion for the Artillery Division stationed at Mourzilowka, district of Briansk, such women and girls of the bourgeois and speculator classes and bring them to the barracks.

(Signed) President of the Soviet SKAMEIKIUS.

As *The Daily Mirror* has many women readers, we think it our duty to print the above document, though it has been necessary to excise a word or so. We print it because this document, as also the Saratoff public ownership of women's charters, shows better than anything else what our women have to expect from any "triumph of Bolshevik principles" in this country.

Our leading article on page 5 deals with "Red Cap" rule.

WASHINGTON, Wednesday.

In the Senate to-day Senator McCumber introduced a resolution calling on the United States to ally itself to a sufficient force to Russia to subdue the Bolsheviks.—Central News.

## "OLD ABE" ON THE STAGE.

Mr. John Drinkwater's Play at Hammersmith.

If Israeli on the stage, why not Lincoln? If he who gave a British Queen the title of Empress of India, why not he who was given the title of the Great Emancipator? Anyhow, Mr. John Drinkwater has written a play around the work and tragic fate of Abraham Lincoln, which the Birmingham Repertory Theatre company gave us the Lyric, Hammersmith, last night. It was certainly worth going to the western extremity of the town for.

But this play of the great struggle against disunion is not of the realistic-melodramatic-comedy school. It is more of a chronicle-play, showing in a series of speaking tableaux the principal scenes in the life of the great President from 1860 to 1865.

Mr. W. P. Fesenden gave a most impressive performance as Lincoln, and was more than adequately supported by the company. One, perhaps, should mention that there are no fewer than fifty-two speaking parts in Mr. Drinkwater's tragedy!

## LADY TOWNLEY.

Mr. Bottomley's Question About Ex-Kaiser's Arrival in Holland.

In the House of Commons yesterday Mr. Bottomley asked the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs whether he was aware that the wife of Sir Walter Townley, the British Minister at The Hague, was a member of the committee which received the ex-Kaiser on his arrival in Holland, and what action, if any, he proposes to take in the matter.

Before the question was put, Captain Charles Craig protested on a point of order against such a grave charge being made on the notice paper against the wife of a distinguished public official.

The Speaker: It depends on the facts. Ladies now must expect to have their conduct criticised just as much as men, and the fact that they are in a public position does not exempt them.

Mr. Harnsworth, replying for the Foreign Office, said it was not a fact that Lady Townley was a member of any committee. Lady Susan Townley happened to be moving in the neighbourhood and was one of the spectators who witnessed the ex-Kaiser's arrival.

He was not aware that Sir W. Townley had tendered his resignation in consequence.

## NEWS ON OTHER PAGES.

Secrets in Zeebrugge Dispatches, page 10.  
February's Rush of Brides, page 13.  
Sporting News, page 15.



Mr. Ingleby Odell.



Sir W. Townley.



# ANARCHIST WHO TRIED TO MURDER M. CLEMENCEAU

## 1,000 MEN JOIN NEW ARMY DAILY.

Mr. Churchill On Need for Big Forces.

## MAKING HUNS IMPOTENT.

"We are obtaining at the present time recruits, most of them with two or three years' service, at the rate of more than 1,000 a day, and the rate is rising."

This announcement was made yesterday by Mr. Churchill at a luncheon given in his honour at the Mansion House.

Leading points from his speech were:—  
If we were to disperse our compulsory army before we created our voluntary Army we should not only lose the fruits of the war, but the British Empire we had before the war.

It was "no use people crying out in one breath, 'Make Germany pay,' and disband the armies in the west."

I can hold out no expectation for a Rhine army during the present year, except on a compulsory basis.

The moment we are deprived of adequate military forces which can be used immediately on the renunciation of the armistice at three days' notice, there will be no means of securing a fair start for new States in the east of Europe.

Woe betide those, whether they be enemies abroad or bad citizens at home, who have hampered our war efforts in the struggle and would now, if they could, rob us of the fruits of victory.

Do not let it be said that employers are writing to their men: "I cannot keep your place open any longer unless you can get out of the Army."

## NO WAR OF REVENGE.

"On the contrary," added Mr. Churchill, "let them write to them and say: 'You have got to see us through and we are going to see you through, and any man who employs in the interval will be a locum tenens.'"

We are going to take measures which will make it physically impossible for Germany to begin a war of revenge, at any rate during our lifetime, proceeded Mr. Churchill.

We are going to ask of Germany to agree to these measures and to help us to carry them out. After she has agreed we are going to stand by and see that she does carry them out, not only in the letter but in the spirit.

We can give our orders from our bridge-heads on the Rhine with the assurance that those orders will be obeyed by the German Government and the German nation."

Both to prevent a renewal of the war by effectually disarming Germany, continued Mr. Churchill, and to secure the reparation which we are determined to have."

It is necessary to maintain a strong, compact, contented and well-disciplined Army on the Rhine.

We had no intention of sending a large British force to fight in Russia. If Russia is to be saved she must be saved by Russian exertion.

I appeal once more publicly to the employers all over the country. I know what sacrifices they have made in order to keep open the places of their employees who have been called into the Army.

I appeal to them most strongly not to weary in the last lap, to have the strength that endureth to the end.

## MR. WILSON NEARING HOME

WASHINGTON, Wednesday. Wireless advices from the transport George Washington report that she is making good speed, and may reach Boston on Sunday evening.

In that event it is expected President Wilson will deliver a message on Monday at Boston, taking the nation into his confidence concerning the need for a League of Nations, but reserving details for the conferences with members of Congress and for the address which he will probably deliver to Congress on the subject soon after his arrival.—Reuter.

## LEAGUE ATTACKED.

WASHINGTON, Wednesday. Another attack on the League of Nations Covenant was made to-day in the Senate. Mr. Pendergast (Republican) describing the machinery the League proposed to set up as "similar to that of the Soviet Government of Russia."

He also deplored the alleged delay in concluding peace with Germany.—Reuter.

## French Premier Hit in Shoulder by One of Nine Shots—Crowd Attacks Assailant.

## PLOTTED THE CRIME FOR SEVEN MONTHS.

To the horror of the entire world an attempt was made yesterday morning in Paris to murder M. Clemenceau, Prime Minister of France, and the arch-enemy of Kaiserism. He is in his seventy-eighth year.

Nine shots were fired at his carriage, and one penetrated his right shoulder. He walked to his home, and although his condition is good anxiety is felt owing to his advanced age.

His assailant is named Cottin, a carpenter and an Anarchist, who was nearly lynched by the crowd before his arrest.

## "CLUMSY FELLOW! HE'S GOING TO MISS ME."

### Premier's Coolness as the Shots Rang Out.

PARIS, Wednesday.

M. Clemenceau's automobile had proceeded barely 100 yards from the house in which he lives in the Rue Franklin, and was turning the corner of the Boulevard de Lessert, when some shots rang out.

Cottin, the arrested anarchist, fired from the pavement at least seven shots at the Premier, of which one struck him in the right shoulder, two others touched his clothes, and one wounded a policeman named Goursa in the eye. The clothing of the chauffeurs on the front seat was pierced by the other bullets.

Cottin was at once seized, and the police had difficulty in protecting him from the crowd, who closed round him, shouting "Death to the Bolsheviks!"

By this time the car had stopped, and M. Clemenceau, alighting from it, walked the short distance to his house tranquilly, remarking to the people around him, "It is nothing."

According to an account given by one of his entourage, the Premier, on hearing the first shot, at once realised that it was he who was being fired at, and exclaimed, "Clumsy fellow! He's going to miss me."

Scarcely had he said this when he felt a nasty shock. But he was able to get out of his car, which had stopped, and regain his house, which was only about fifty yards distant, on foot.

The soldier who was on the motor-car by the side of M. Clemenceau's chauffeur fired on Cottin when the latter was emptying his revolver at M. Clemenceau, and this led to the arrest of another person named Dreyfus.

The bystanders had noticed that at least two men were shooting, and in the excitement denounced Dreyfus as the participant in the crime. He protests his entire innocence.

M. Clemenceau received first aid from Major Dreyfuss, of the Army Medical Service. Afterwards M. Jisset, the surgeon, arrived, and with Professors Lubri and Cussier examined the patient.

## CHEERFUL PATIENT.

### Long Talks with Marshal Foch and Petain.

The wound fortunately proved slighter than might have been feared. The ball had lodged in the Premier's right shoulder, near the spinal column, which, however, was not affected, and no bone was broken. It was decided to proceed to a radiographic examination.

The Premier from the first moment preserved his habitual coolness, and talked cheerfully with his visitors.

## LONG TALK WITH FOCH.

He declared that he thought he recognised the man who fired on him, and believed he was the man whom he had noticed in the Rue Franklin last night as he was entering his house.

The news of the crime spread quickly in Paris, and during the morning a host of distinguished persons gathered at the Premier's residence. President Poincaré and Marshal Foch, who arrived early, waited in a room adjoining the wounded man's bedroom until the Premier was able to receive them, and the members of the Ministry, the Diplomatic Body, Mr. Balfour and numerous members of the delegations attending the Peace Conference.

The Premier, in spite of his condition, had a long talk with Marshal Foch, and also saw Marshal Petain during the morning.—Reuter.

## TEMPERATURE RISING.

PARIS, Wednesday.

At three o'clock M. Clemenceau's condition was stationary. He is resting. His temperature has risen slightly. No one is admitted to his room.—Reuter.

An Exchange mess goes says information goes to show that M. Clemenceau's condition is feared to be more dangerous than at first announced, especially as he is a sufferer from diabetes.

## "I AM SHOCKED."

The following telegram was sent by the King to M. Clemenceau, against whose life an attempt has been made (see page 3).

To M. Clemenceau, President of the Council, Paris:—

I am shocked to hear of the dastardly attack made upon you this morning. I earnestly trust that the injuries received are not serious, and that, thanks to your splendid energy and courage, you may soon be restored in health to continue your great and valued efforts for France and the Allies.

(Signed) GEORGE R.I.

M. Tardieu says one bullet struck M. Clemenceau's neck without severing any of the arteries, and then lodged in his shoulder.—Exchange.

Notwithstanding his wound M. Clemenceau, says the Central News, is able to transact a certain amount of business.

In the House of Commons yesterday Mr. Bonar Law, after announcing the news, said:—

"M. Clemenceau's action afterwards would appear to be very characteristic as an example of the power of the strength of will over the infirmities of the body."

He walked to his home, and declined to go to bed until a doctor ordered him to do so, and he will be up again in a day or two." (Cheers.)

A Paris message says M. Clemenceau told his entourage he hoped the attack would serve to spur on the settlement of all outstanding problems at the Peace Conference.—Exchange.

## "HORRIFIED AT CRIME."

### Mr. Lloyd George's Telegram to Wounded French Premier.

Mr. Lloyd George sent the following telegram to M. Clemenceau:—"Horried at dastardly attempt on your life. Felicitate you, France, and the Allies on your escape from serious injury. Looking forward to seeing you at the Peace Conference in a few days.—Lloyd George."

A Paris telegram says M. Clemenceau has himself sent a message to Mr. Lloyd George saying that he is going on very well.

In the Commons Mr. Bonar Law said he would consider a suggestion of moving a resolution of sympathy with M. Clemenceau.

"It ought to be done, either by the Government or by the House, but I am not quite sure whether it is desirable to have a resolution of the House."

President Wilson has received the news by wireless.

The Paris *Intransigeant* proposes that the Premier should be awarded the Croix de Guerre, he having been wounded in the performance of his duties.

By acclamation yesterday the French Chamber carried a motion expressing its ardent desire to see M. Clemenceau restored to health.

A Central News message says:—

M. Clemenceau's doctors state that it is impossible to say yet exactly what the outcome of his wound will be, but it is certain that it will be necessary for the Premier to take several days' complete rest, a fact which will make it impossible for him to participate in the important discussion which is going on in regard to the Russian situation.

In consequence of the attack on M. Clemenceau, the Five-Power Council held no sitting to-day.

## URGENT CALL TO PREMIER

Mr. Lloyd George, it is understood, has received an urgent call to return to Paris, and although he will address the miners' conference, which meets at Montagu House this morning at the invitation of the Minister of Labour, it will be necessary for him to leave London immediately afterwards.

A Wieringen telegram says the Crown Prince has addressed an appeal to Ebert to allow the Crown Princess and her children to join him in Holland.—Exchange.

## GLOATING OVER HIS VILE DEED.

Cottin Tells How He Lay in Wait.

## HIS PRACTICE SHOTS.

Full Confession—"A Thorough-going Anarchist."

How Clemenceau's assailant lay in wait for M. Clemenceau was told by the arrested Anarchist himself to Commissary M. Lennet, says a Reuter message.

According to his story, his name is Emile Cottin, or Cotin, alias Milou. He was born at Creil in 1896, and although a French citizen he had never served in the Army, having been exempted for reasons of health. He had been living, he said, with his family at 150, Rue de la Convention, and is a carpenter by trade.

## WITH THE LEAST RISK.

He insists that he alone is responsible for the crime. His object, he said, was to get rid of the man who was preparing another war.

"I am a thoroughgoing Anarchist," he declared, "a friend of mankind, not excepting those Germans who are friends of humanity and fraternity."

For the last seven months, he continued, he had been planning to assassinate M. Clemenceau, whom he regards as humanity's worst enemy, but it was only a few days ago that he resolved to put his plan into execution.

With this intention he hung about the Rue Franklin, examining the house and street in order to see how he could make the attack on the Prime Minister with the least risk to himself.

"I had taken care during the last few days," he said, "to find out the lie of the house, and I must say that it is a very simple place for such a great personage. It is very so, so" (bien moche).

As is generally known, M. Clemenceau never moved into his official residence, and still lives in a flat in a modest residential street near the Trocadero.

## BROKE HIS MIRROR.

On Tuesday, Cottin bought a service Browning from a demobilised soldier. He had never used such a weapon before and made his only essay in marksmanship in his bedroom yesterday morning before setting forth to make his attempt on the life of M. Clemenceau.

"You can see for yourselves if you go there that I have not much skill. I only fired one shot and broke my looking glass with it."

"Finding that the Premier's house was watched I decided to make my try a little further away at the corner of the Rue Franklin and the Boulevard de Lessert."

There he hid in a public lavatory until he saw the Premier's automobile approaching.

He then dashed out on to the pavement and fired a shot which pierced the windshield and glass front of the limousine.

Then, as the car did not stop, he ran after it, emptying his Browning into it as he ran.

Most of the bullets pierced the body of the car, and it seems that it was one of the last two shots that wounded M. Clemenceau.

A Reuter's telegram says:—

Cottin lived in the Montrouge Quarter, at a small hotel, which is now surrounded by the police, to whom it is known as a haunt of Anarchists, regarded as of the harmless oratorical variety.

He had two full clips of cartridges upon him besides those in the automatic pistol which he used.

It is stated that Cottin is registered in the records of the Paris police as a Revolutionary Anarchist, not belonging to any organisation.—Reuter.

## A SECOND ARREST.

PARIS, Wednesday.

The police have arrested a man who defended the outrage. While being taken to the police station he overthrew the policeman who was taking him and fled, shouting "He died well."

He was caught and conveyed to the office of M. Coston, commissary of police, who is now interrogating him.—Reuter.

## A KNIGHT'S AEROPLANE.

General Seely, speaking last night, said that since the Peace Conference 300 cross-Channel flights had been made and only one person, a pilot, had been injured, happily not seriously. Mr. Graham White said that enterprising business men were already beginning to order aeroplanes as they used to order motor-cars. Only last week Sir Alfred Butt ordered a new and luxurious machine for his own use in visiting his Paris theatre.



Mr. Churchill.







# Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1919.

## RED CAP RULE.

### A VISIT TO PETROGRAD.

MINERS and transport men and other dissatisfied workers are so busy trying to get what they want here at home, that they've very little time to watch what other people have got abroad.

Foreign affairs are, as usual, "not our business."

Are they not? Wouldn't it be better to take them a little more seriously? For, abroad, at this very moment, men are applying to the living flesh of their neighbours many of the theories in favour, as mere possibilities, here.

Let us visit Petrograd. Let us watch Russia. Let us observe, when we can, the effect of Red Cap Rule on the *working classes* over there.

Day by day details leak through. We get glimpses of Petrograd being *promised* many beautiful things by Bolshevism: as, for instance, an eight-hour day and a high minimum wage.

A promise. How has it materialised? High wages (derived from Bolshevik robberies) are no use to any man. For a simple reason. There is nothing to buy in Petrograd!

What food there is is at famine prices. What goods you possess are taken from you. The pals of the Bolsheviks in power circulate peddling evil viands at exorbitant rates, and you can buy if you can. If you cannot, your high wages (on worthless paper) are no use to you or your starving family.

Have you a little shop in Petrograd? Are you struggling with last resources? Scrapping to get over the crisis till all the promises "come true"?

Get a permit from the Bolsheviks, or the "Government" arrives and shuts you up and removes your little stock. You disliked coupons and Dora and red tape and permits in this country. But clearly Red Caps are made of red tape; because the Bolsheviks employ tickets for everything. The shop referred to requires a Soviet licence.

The restaurant is "communal" and dispenses a rancid Bolshevik soup.

Raw stuffs and the materials needed for manufacture are sold by the Red Caps at huge prices.

The country? The peasants? The army?

Obviously the Red Caps have thought of them. Clearly there are things worth stealing from the peasant! So they take his implements and corn and traffic in them. The soldiers? A Bolshevik body-guard lives on plunder. The rest starve and hope.

Why (you say) don't they rise, don't they combine, don't they rebel?

They do.

They rebel—and they are shot.

The Red Cap has a stern grip. "Don't steal!" says (we are told) one notice in a Government office—much-needed notice, quite useless. But nobody puts up a notice with "Don't murder!" upon it. You might as well say "Don't walk!" or "Don't eat!" Murder is the essence of the programme.

Kill!—kill all who oppose, all who complain, all who disagree. Line 'em up, big and little, men, women and children and shoot 'em. Throw them into "communal" graves and don't worry whether they're dead or not. There's no time. Bury them half-dead. And get on with the next lot.

"Do let us get away from Petrograd and back to good old London."

Certainly. Here we are. But let's remember what we've learnt from Petrograd. Then we shall keep a pretty severe eye on all who want to put London and England under the rule of the Red Caps.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Look within. Within is the fountain of good, and it will ever bubble up, if thou wilt ever dig. —*Marcus Aurelius.*

## WHAT ABOUT YOUR INCOME TAX?

### SOME THOUGHTS FOR THOSE BENT ON "DODGING IT."

By LIONEL WHYTE.

INCOME tax is very much in the air just now. The authorities are trying to bring it to earth.

Some of us have paid it, some of us are about to pay it, while others are chucking to themselves because they have got out of paying it.

And one and all are watching Mr. Austen Chamberlain with speculative eyes, wondering how much tighter he intends to turn the screw in the coming Budget.

Why is it that so many people are ingrained with the idea that they are permitted to "do" railways and income tax officials and remain honest men?

It is about time we knocked this absurd notion on the head.

A man who does not pay his income tax or

any right to complain that the State itself was niggardly? How was he going to raise the money for increased pensions if he, and people like him, shut up their purses or only opened them grudgingly?

There is little doubt that, in certain directions, the State is niggardly.

On the very question of pensions, I would like to see a much more liberal spirit, and before long we shall very likely be treating our maimed men more generously—or, rather, more justly.

### THE COMMUNAL SPIRIT.

But, when criticising our M.P.s for their cheapsparing methods, we must bear in mind that they are constantly up against our own parsimony. If they supply the machinery that translates our words into deeds, we reward them by grumbling and giving the other man our vote next time.

What we require is a healthy communal spirit when dealing with income tax matters.

If everyone paid his full tax, the rate could be lowered, in normal times; or, in unnormal

## "ALL PROFITS OVER TWENTY PER CENT!"



It is one of the crack-brained notions now being put up, to get money for the State. And it is a direct drag upon effort and industry—especially for beginners and small men. With apologies to a well-known poster!—(By W. K. Haselden.)

who evades his full responsibilities in this respect is as dishonest as a common thief, for he is stealing the nation's money.

That, in effect, is what it amounts to. The nation has got to raise money somehow or other, and by refusing to contribute your share you are throwing, indirectly, an additional burden on some other more honest fellow.

A few days ago a friend came to me in a great state of excitement over the inadequacy of soldiers' pensions.

"It is perfectly scandalous that wounded men should not get more," he exclaimed. "They ought to receive enough to live in proper comfort for the rest of their lives."

He told me that he had attended a big meeting in Trafalgar-square, and had added his voice to the general protest. But what was the use? You simply couldn't get people to move.

Knowing my man, I edged the conversation round to income tax, and five minutes later he was telling me, with considerable relish, how he had diddled the officials.

And then I asked him how, if people were for ever trying to diddle the State, they had

times such as exist to-day, it need not be increased so much.

Conscience money is a poor sort of sop. It savours of Louis XI., who, before his various wicked acts, took off his hat and prayed to the saints whose little effigies appeared thereon: "Forgive me for this little sin I am about to commit!"

People who pay conscience money have already committed their little sin, but the conscience money does not generally pay off the arrears, and they generally go on committing their little sins just the same.

Let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that everyone were able to evade payment of income tax, or that income tax did not exist. What would happen?

Other taxes would jump up by leaps and bounds. Prices would rise, and the cost of living would be enormously increased. The middle-classes and the poor would feel the pinch the most. They always do. If you belonged to either of these classes you would be no better off in the end than you are now.

Remember these points when you are dealing with your next income tax. You are on your honour. Play fair!

## THE WIFE'S MONEY.

### NEW IDEAS ABOUT THE SYSTEM OF "PARTNERSHIP" IN MARRIAGE.

#### THEY "MARRY FOR MONEY."

MANY men "marry for money"—to put it plainly.

That is, they have no objection to being helped by their wives' incomes.

Why then object to their wives earning money?

Isn't it the same thing in the result? L. N. B.

#### THE DOWRY SYSTEM.

IN France we have the system of *dolls* (dowries). A girl brings a man a sum of money when she marries.

Is not this, then, the "partnership" which several of your readers desire?

Hotel Russell, W.C. A FRENCH WIFE.

#### A MODERN IDEA.

YOUR suggestion that the young wives should continue earning and thus help to maintain the home till these difficult days are over is a startling one.

Yet it is in line with the modern idea that young married couples should wait a year or two, getting to love and understand one another thoroughly, before the great responsibility of a family comes to them.

Perhaps, too, it would be approved by the eminent doctors who are now saying openly that celibacy leads to the diseases which are a national menace. M. D. London.

#### "THE CROCHET FIEND."

NO doubt our boys when they returned from the war would have preferred to see girls had developed into the "crocheting and snoring fiend"—which title so well applies to some men travelling on the L.B. and S.C. Railway.

Now there is no longer the need for so many socks and comforts for the troops we can still employ our "instruments of torture" in knitting and crocheting useful garments for people who need them.

As to the "clicking," we would remind you crochets hooks seldom "click," and you would not feel the "nudge" you complain of if you occupied your own seat only, and not part of your next-door neighbour's too!

As to nervousness we would advise the "Sufferer" to live the life of a hermit, clad in skins of animals (which would necessitate no "clicking" in manufacture), for he is obviously unfit to mix with normal human beings, and there are public institutions for people who yell and "strike" in railway carriages.

Might we also inquire if "Sufferer" also objects to the "click" of the wingless and the rattle of knives and forks?

A CLIQUE OF "CLICKERS."

#### ORGAN RECITALS IN THE CITY.

I AM much interested in the article by S. L. Bensusan. We have had an organ recital for many years past in my church, which is immensely appreciated by the large numbers that attend.

I am quite sure that it is an enormous help to all City workers: it changes their thoughts and relieves the monotony of every day work.

Many have told me how helpful it all is and how grateful they are for it.

St. B. S. SLADEN (Rector).

St. Margaret Patten, Eastcheap, E.C. 3.

#### THE PLAYING FIELDS SOCIETY.

COULD not the Chancellor of the Exchequer be induced to ease off the prohibitive burdens of taxation weighing on the London Playing Fields Society?

For long years the society has supplied the means for playing health-giving games to thousands of the young workers. There was no grouching when cricket pitches were turned into cabango patches during the war.

But, with the war over and young sportsmen coming back to their hard work in the City, surely the business of supplying would-be cricketers and footballers with opportunities of keeping their health and strength is one that demands the serious attention of statesmen!

At the present time, however, the splendid work is threatened with extinction owing to the demands of the revenue. Surely there must be exemption considering the cause?

CLIVE R. FENN.

#### SHORTER LETTERS.

The idea of dancing at school strikes us as rather a silly and offensive one. Why not have a sewing class for monitors? Or a crochet "drive" for juniors?—PUBLIC SCHOOL BOYS.

I see you suggest that Parliament is "dying." If so, it is dying of dullness. Why not organise a sort of display and make the old place more interesting? Have it on the cinema and advertise it!—FILMS.

Ask any man whether he considers "beauty" or "brains" when he wants to get married. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he will say "beauty." Men don't care for clever girls. —A SELF-EDUCATED GIRL.

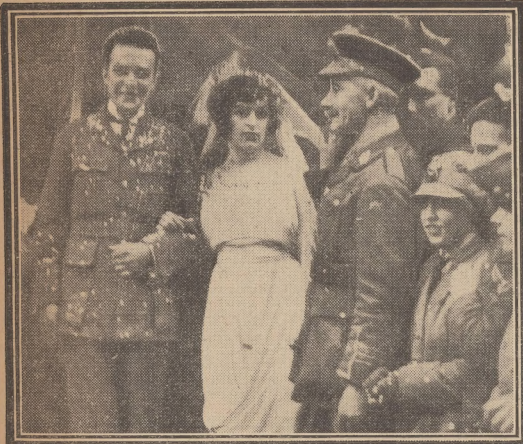
#### IN MY GARDEN.

FEB. 19.—It is strange that leeks are not often found in the amateur's kitchen garden, for they are quite easy to grow and prove a valuable addition to vegetables that are available during the winter months. If the ground now occupied by leeks is required for another crop the roots may be lifted and buried in a sheltered corner.

Seed for next winter's supply may be sown at this date in a warm frame or in the open ground during March. E. F. T.



## R.A.F. TEAM DRAW MAJOR—



Major Augustus Bird, D.S.O., R.A.F., and his bride (Miss Clarice May French, of New York and Virginia) leaving St. George's, Hanover-square, yesterday.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

## IN NEWS.



Lady Savile, who is again seriously ill. She was Mrs. Claude Levita and was married to Lord Savile in 1916.

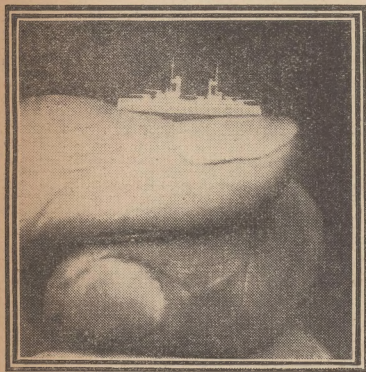


Louth Sing Heiang, one of China's peace delegates. The ultimate destination of Kiaochau is of vital interest to China.

## —AND HIS AMERICAN BRIDE.



After the ceremony a team composed of the N.C.O.s and men of the major's section hauled the motor-car through the street. The traces were made of aeroplane parts.



**A 2in. BATTLESHIP.**—The smallest model of a battleship ever made. It is of the German "Dreadnought Koenig, and is to a scale of 800ft. to the inch. Total length, 2in.



An original dress.



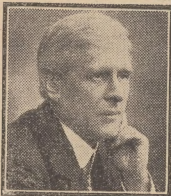
A flag-day seller.



**AT W.R.A.F.'S HEADQUARTERS.**—The girls do all the cooking themselves and have a fine spacious kitchen. The headquarters are at Hampstead.



**ETON'S FORMER HEAD.**—The Rev. the Hon. Edward Lytton, decorated by King Albert for services to Belgian refugees.



**HELPED BELGIUM.**—Dr. J. S. Bridges, chief education officer, Willesden, awarded a high decoration by King Albert.

**PEACE CARNIVAL.**—More than 4,000 persons were present at the fancy dress ball given at the Albert Hall by the directors of Messrs. William Whiteley, Ltd., to celebrate the Allied victory.



**APPOINTMENT.**—Divisional Detective Inspector Arthur Neil, Y Division, the new Chief Inspector at Scotland Yard.



**SEA HERO.**—William C. Bowey, who remained on a torpedoed vessel and stopped the engine. To receive medal and £50.



**SAVED COUNTRY MILLIONS.**—Examiners at the office of the Postal Censorship (Trade Branch). About 5,000 men and women are engaged at the Censorship, many of whom have been working since the beginning of the war, and it is estimated by their efforts have saved the country millions of pounds.



**FOOD FOR GERMAN PRISONERS.**—A British provision ship discharging stores on the German ship Baden for the prisoners and their guards. The Baden was among the super-Dreadnoughts which surrendered under the terms of the armistice. On the right, against the barrette, is seen a life-saving raft.



## GARDEN SUBURBS OR BRAND NEW TOWNS?

### THE REAL SOLUTION OF THE HOUSING PROBLEM.

By ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.

THE advocates of garden suburbs are energetically canvassing for the building of their specially-favoured types of village in order to cope with the demand for decent housing.

May the suggestion be pressed that many of the promoters of these schemes are not "rising to the occasion"? That what is really most urgently needed is not a garden suburb tacked on to this or that city, but the building of new self-contained towns.

New towns for old instead of new lamps for old.

The garden suburb is like the patch the needy mother puts on a well-worn pair of trousers. The garden suburbite is, therefore, proposing that London should be patched. That Glasgow should be patched. That Liverpool, Leeds, Manchester and Birmingham should be patched—and badly patched.

Town patching, like trousers-patching, may be carried out picturesquely, but it is only a makeshift. It is far better to have a new pair of trousers than a pair "decorated" with remnants from the work bag.

#### A HALF-WAY STEP.

A demerit in most garden suburb projects in connection with our largest towns is that they are a palliative—a "pill for an earthquake." Model suburbs are rarely so far removed from the scenes of industrial production (as at present wastefully organised) that the atmosphere on a bright day is free from soot and the average suburbite is brought into daily contact with the grime of the parent town, its depressing ugliness, narrow, squalid streets.

From all that has been said, it will be concluded that the garden suburb movement is but the half-step towards the desirable end—the whole step is the provision of properly laid-out new towns away from and distinct from the present overcrowded and unattractive cities which have grown up anyhow.

These new towns would be made fit for the habitation of heroes—such men as are supposed to be coming "home" again—but really to a country in which many of them have no home of any description. They would be placed in healthy sites and provided with all the rapid means of communication and transport demanded by industrial needs.

The factories and workshops would be relegated to their proper place—with no smoking chimneys pouring pollution into the air. They would have no mean rows of barrack-like, box-like houses bordering on drab pavements. There would be house-space, air-space, garden-space.

There would be parks and leafy recreation grounds, wide thoroughfares with grass plots between the causeway and highway, with municipal theatre and cinema theatre, municipal golf course and cricket fields, and libraries.

#### SMALL REMEDIES FUTILE.

The provision of model villages on the outskirts of towns does not cope with the whole problem. The destruction of slums in the largest English cities, the driving of arterial roads through congested towns, and the provision of the necessary amenities will be stupendously costly.

Indeed, it is safe to say that great schemes of improvement will be opposed by retrograde on the score of the vast burden which will be thrown on the local rates by reconstruction.

It was recently estimated that it would take a hundred years to convert Birmingham into a place of work and residence worthy the salutation of its citizens. And at what a cost!

In tackling the housing question nationally the Government might well follow the advice it gave to Labour to be audacious. Let the Government build through municipal or other agency these new towns in pleasant parts of the country—at a 5 per cent. profit if they like. There would be no lack of support.

When our citizens are all housed decently and under conditions which promote human contentment there will be less dissatisfaction and industrial strife. Indeed, the domestic peace of the country may be (and no doubt is) involved in the housing question.

Discontent and grumbling multiply. The remedy proposed is an inadequate one—the remedy of patches.

Small remedies for great ills are no remedies at all. The garden suburb project is one of these small remedies.

A. C.

## READING LOVE LETTERS IN COURT.

### SHOULD LOVERS NAMES BE MADE PUBLIC?

By PAUL BEWSHER.

THERE is one time in his life when the most stern, unimaginative man becomes delightfully human, and is swayed by romantic emotions—when he is in love. There is one time when he writes unrestrainedly and freely, not calculating each word or considering each phrase, but expressing as vividly as he can the faults which move him—when he writes his love letters.

These letters are as sacred to him as his thoughts. They are, above all his deeds and all his sayings, the most personal and the most private. They are written under the impulse of the moment, when the writer is living for once in a dreamland beyond the terrors of the everyday world.

He uses quaint and sentimental phrases of endearment which bring to the one he loves feelings of great happiness. The world sees him a dignified and matter-of-fact man; there is just one who knows his weakness, and loves him for it.

When that is considered, does it seem fair, does it seem cricket, that those letters should be read out at length in a public court? If they are required as evidence, they can be handed round to the judge, the jury, and the counsel concerned.

There is no need, however, for pages of the

most secret thoughts of a man's life to be published merely to provide amusement for tittering women in a gallery, or for any office boy with the price of a penny newspaper in his pocket.

Naturally, to them the florid language of another man's love sounds ridiculous and silly. They have written and received similar letters, but they were theirs. They would be ashamed to have their private expression of affection made a public joke, but human beings cannot put themselves in other people's places. One man's habit is another man's fad.

The Press is not to blame for reproducing these letters in full. They are devoured with avidity and satisfaction by nearly every reader. It is good "copy." The law is to blame. Certain things should be recognised as private in every circumstance, unless of life and death importance.

Although I protest against their publication, I must admit that with the rest of mankind I read them, for they give such an insight into human nature.

Yet I often think, when I read these burning words of adoration, what the man felt who wrote them, how he was living in the zenith of happiness, and was trying the utmost to express his feelings. I realise the strong purpose in him, the nobleness of his character in those days of love's ambition, and it seems pitiful that he should be made a jest and mockery before the world because, maybe, he has met trouble or has made a mistake.

This is a crime against human society which should end, and end soon.

P. B.

## STORY HOUR IN THE ENGLISH HOME.

### A SUGGESTION FOR HAPPY FIRESIDE CIRCLES.

By HOME LOVER.

A profitable way of spending evenings is described in this article.

"YOU never stop to think!"

That expression is used in every home by parents to their growing sons and daughters. It does not mean exactly what it says.

It is intended to convey the idea that you are rushing at things impetuously; "grabbing" at them without careful consideration, with the result that you jump over them and miss them altogether.

This impetuosity is a characteristic of the age, and has become so prevalent that even idle people rush at their idleness, never stopping to think about it, and therefore never getting real value out of it. Idleness requires more artistic handling than hard work, if benefit is to be obtained from it.

To-day we rush to our work—or away from it, according to temperament—we rush through it, we never stop to think sufficiently, and the result is that we make many mistakes in performing an amazing paradox called "making haste slowly."

Anything that helps us to take things more quietly is good. Middle-aged people should not hop and skip and jump about like rabbits. They get absolutely nothing out of life by so doing.

#### FATHER BEGINS.

Here is a suggestion for the home that will give pause to our family circles, who too often spend their days revolving rapidly round each other.

Let us have a story-hour in the home. Father shall sit on one side of the fireplace and mother on the other. The children shall sit about the room, some on chairs and others on the floor, in respectful attention and free and easy attitude.

For an hour we will tell stories to each other. Mother shall begin.

We get so far with our scheme, and there is a pause. Mother cannot remember a story to tell.

She has been absorbed for years in her domestic affairs and the upbringing of her children. She has not had time "to stop to think."

"Tell us a story about your schooldays, mum?" suggests one of the children.

But mother is shy—yes, there is no doubt about it. It is a kind of stage-fright that seizes her, and it is produced by the novelty of the situation. At the moment mother cannot think of anything connected with her schooldays—she might never have had any.

"Look here, now, supposing I begin," says father, clearing his throat and knocking the ashes from his pipe.

Without waiting for anyone's consent, father begins.

He plunges into a story about his guv'nor at the office. He gets on very well with the story because the guv'nor is not there. This guv'nor, it appears, is one of the most amusing people ever heard of. A kind man, mark you—and a tolerant one—instanced by the fact that father has been in his employ for thirty years.

#### A CRITICAL AUDIENCE.

But the story is good, for it has no unkind note about it and when presently father has almost exhausted himself, both mentally and physically, there is much applause.

"Now, mother—your turn." Mother is no longer shy. "Something in father's story has reminded her of a girl at school."

"One day, I remember—"

And so on. An absorbing story of infinite fun and amusement, simply and charmingly told with many a smile and gesture.

One evening Bill, the eldest boy, with much plucking up of courage, undertakes in cold blood to tell a story he knows, right there, before the most critical audience in the world.

Bill has hatched his imagination to a wild Indian romance, and in spite of being reminded at intervals that oranges do not grow in Iceland and that it really is more than half an hour's journey from London to South America, he "gets away with it."

It is not long before the story-telling hour is an established success. And the parents have the satisfaction of knowing that they have introduced into the home circle something which makes them and their children just stop to think and snatch from the fleeting whirl of time opportunity for enjoyment, culture.

Also they are making another bond between the children and home life.



FIRE DRILL AT HOSPITAL—Wounded soldiers and nurses turn out for practice in answer to an alarm at Bickton House, Lord Clinton's residence.

## THE PROBLEM OF YOUNG WAR-WORKERS.

### WHAT SHALL THEIR FUTURE BE?

By S. L. BENSUSAN.

ACCORDING to the latest statistics available, war increased the employment of boys in this country to the extent of one hundred thousand recruits and of girls by about a quarter of a million.

The boys tended after the first year to make for munition works, where they were able to earn large sums at what is known as "repetition work." Working in this fashion as many as sixty-five hours a week, lads of thirteen were found earning thirty shillings, boys of fourteen, working just under sixty hours, reached forty-five shillings.

For a sixty-hour week at press work, boys of fifteen made nearly four pounds, sixteen-year-old grinders earned five pounds ten shillings in fifty-three hours and seventeen-year-old turners, working the same hours, but with overtime, reached seven pounds.

In the majority of cases the lads appear to have taken a man's wage in return for a man's work. They did not do this with impunity.

Physical, mental and moral deterioration were in many instances the price of effort the body was not developed to sustain; the juvenile courts of the metropolitan police area and of ten large cities showed, in the first two years of war, an increase in the number

of indictable offences from fourteen thousand (1914) to twenty-three thousand (1916).

At a very critical period of their lives, both boys and girls found themselves in receipt of unaccustomed money, and deprived of a part at least of parental control.

The large pay they took for war work has not, it is to be feared, been of real value to them. They do not appear to have developed habits of thrift, though many have learned to waste money, and they have not recognised the fairly obvious truth that the pay, like the times, was exceptional. The work has been largely mechanical, it has not been associated with mental effort, it was very necessary, highly paid, and is now at an end. The trouble, as far as the lads are concerned, is that it has made them look askance at wages of the normal kind.

Their tasks tended to make them low-grade workers, but they demand high pay, because they have been accustomed to it. They are in danger of becoming a seed bed that will be planted with lavish hand by the purveyors of interest and discontent. Juvenile advisory committees report that lads discharged from munitions refuse jobs that are not as highly-priced as the war ones—they must have super-pay or a grievance.

The position is a very difficult one.

By keeping children at school as long as possible, further congestion of the market will be delayed. The employment exchanges, and, it is hoped, the local education authorities may possibly devise a scheme for dividing the day between work and education.

S. L. B.



# TO HELP DISABLED SERBIANS



Mme. Astafieva will lead the procession and dance a new Spanish dance.



The Countess of Carrick, a hostess.



The Countess of Carnwath, a patron.

The Slav (fancy dress) dance, which is to be held at the Piccadilly Hotel on February 24, in aid of a fund for disabled Serbian soldiers, promises to be a very successful function, and many well-known people are expected to attend.



**WAR HONOURS.**—Lt. Percy Muir Dun, M.C. (with bar), M.M. Twice he headed a charge against machine-gun nests.



**A STATISTICIAN.**—Miss Frances Wood, special investigator, Central Statistical Branch, Ministry of Munitions, has been awarded the O.B.E.



**TEN YEARS M.F.H.**—Lt. Col. H. Heywood-Lonsdale, D.S.O., who has resigned the mastership of the North Shropshire Foxhounds.

# ZEEBRUGGE—



Captain Alfred F. B. Carpenter, who was in command of the *Vindictive*, the blockship. He was subsequently awarded the V.C.

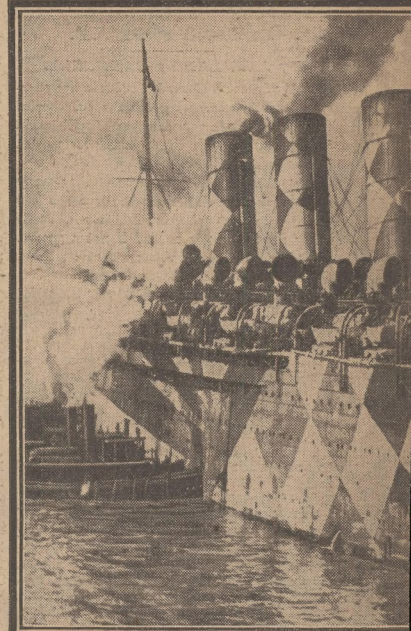


Wing Cdr. F. A. Brock, who had an "indispensable share in the attack." He was unfortunately killed.



Lt. Rowland Bourke, R.N.V.R., of M 2276, engaged piers with machine guns and helped with useful work.

# AMERICA'S ARMY AND NAVY



The *Mauretania*, looking like a draughtboard, arrives bringing U.S. soldiers home.



**LEADER OF THE BOLSHEVISTS.**—An interesting photograph of Leon Trotsky, the man who created chaos in Russia, surrounded by members of his bodyguard.



The fireboat *Thomas Willett*.



**MILITARY WEDDING.**—Captain C. Romer Williams and Miss Eleanor Bell were married at the Chapel Royal, Savoy.



Chopping ice for the fo'c'sle of an America's Army and Navy has arrived home, with the giant Cunarder, *Mauretania*, a stevedore.



# NAVY GOES HOME.



ed with American troops. She has been carry-armistice.



welcome to the troops.



its way home from France.

crafts now in France, Russia and Germany. The  
zle-paint, carried thousands.

# —DISPATCH



Commander Percy T. Dean, then Lieutenant. His conduct "was simply magnificent," and won him the V.C. He is now an M.P.



Lt. Stuart S. Bonham-Carter, of the In-  
trrepid, one of the two  
obsolete cruisers used  
as blockships.



Lt. Richard D. Sand-  
ford, commander of  
Submarine C3, which  
was blown up and  
damaged the mole.



**THE KING'S NEW GUARD.**—A line regiment, the 3rd Bed-  
fords, is sharing with the Guards the time-honoured privi-  
lege of performing guard duties at the Palace.



**THE FLOODS.**—Passenger on the engine  
of a train held up at Tottenham Hale  
Station.

# DEMOBILISING THE HORSES.



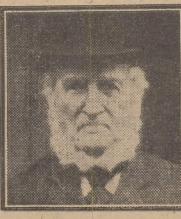
The Army horse, who served his country faithfully and well, is being dispersed. This  
Grade I. animal was very frisky.



**ADMIRAL RETIRES.**—Admiral Sir A.  
Berkeley Milne, who has been placed on  
the retired list at his own request to ac-  
celerate promotion.



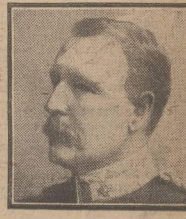
**MENTIONED IN DISPATCH.**—Captain A.  
P. Davidson, D.S.O., who did much of  
the organising for the Zeebrugge and  
Ostend raids.



**OLDEST "SPECIAL."**—  
Mr. Luke Langley, of Little  
Chart, Kent. He is also guar-  
dian of the poor, parish coun-  
cillor and school manager.



**A WAR WORKER.**—Miss E. K.  
Brooke, of Moorlands, Seward-  
stonebury, near Chipping, who  
has done good work driving a  
car for the R.A.F.



**KEEPING ORDER.**—Lt.-  
Gen. Sir F. C. Shaw, directing  
the military operations in con-  
nection with the Belfast  
strikes.



# OUR NAVAL FEATS OFF BELGIUM

## Why We First Failed to Block Ostend Harbour.

### BUOY IN FRESH PLACE.

The long-awaited dispatches of the Dover patrol's operations at Zeebrugge and Ostend are published this morning.

These operations, it will be remembered, took place on the night of April 22 and 23, 1918, and the way in which they were carried out provides one of the most stirring stories in the glorious history of the British Navy.

The main results achieved, writes Sir Roger Keyes on May 9, proved greater than I expected when the fleet returned to port on the morning of April 23.

At least twenty-three torpedo craft have remained sealed up at Bruges ever since the operations on St. George's Day, and so far as can be seen not less than twelve submarines would likewise appear to be still imprisoned.

It was expected that the blocking ships Brilliant (Commander Alfred E. Godsal) and Sirius (Lieutenant-Commander Henry N. M. Hardy, D.S.O.) would have found the entrance to Ostend Harbour by midnight.

The success of the Ostend enterprise was affected to some extent by two adverse factors: (1) At 12.15 a.m. the wind (N.N.E.), which so far had been favourable for purposes of the smoke screen, shifted into an unfavourable quarter (S.S.W.), thereby exposing the attacking forces to the fire of the enemy.

(2) The buoy which marks the channel to Ostend Harbour had been moved very shortly before unknown to us, to a position some 2,400 yards further east, so that when Brilliant and Sirius found it and put their helms to starboard they ran ashore.

In the course of the attack on St. George's Day our casualties to officers and men were as follow: Killed, 176; wounded, 412; missing, 49 (of the latter 35 are believed to have been killed).

Our losses in ships were as follow: H.M.S. North Star and motor-launches Nos. 424 and 110 sunk.

The Vendictive was towed away from the Mole by the Daffodil and reached Dover soon after 8 a.m. on April 23.

Sir Roger, describing the destruction of the viaduct—the object being to prevent reinforcements from the land passing on to the mole—says it was proposed to explode two old mines, 'C1 and C3, which were fitted with gyro-control to enable them to be abandoned and continue their course.

C3 struck between the two piers, the crew having disordered the gyro-steering in order to make sure that their duty should be accomplished.

C1 (Lieutenant Aubrey C. Newbold), owing to delay caused by the low tide, failed to arrive in the vicinity of the viaduct until the retirement had begun, but all aboard her were naturally disappointed.

Sir Roger describes in detail the blocking operations. The Vendictive, Iphigeneia, and Thetis was assigned the duty in the Bruges Canal; Brilliant and Sirius were detailed for Ostend.

With two officers and four petty officers Lieutenant Bonham-Carter (Intrepid) launched the Carley raft and went down the canal until picked up by motor launch 282.

This motor launch came right into the canal near the stern of the Iphigeneia under a heavy fire. She was commanded by Lieutenant Percy T. Dean, R.N.V.R., whose conduct Lieutenant Bonham-Carter describes as "simply magnificent."

## 'A MINUTE AFTER MIDNIGHT.'

### Storming of Mole "Without Consideration of Self-Preservation."

It was at one minute after midnight on April 23, St. George's Day—the programme time being midnight—that the Vendictive was put alongside the Zebrugge mole, taking gently on the special fenders of the port bow, and the starboard fenders was let go.

At this time the noise was terrific. During the previous few minutes the ship had been hit by a large number of shells and many casualties caused.

The ship could not be got close enough for the special mole-anchors to hook, and it was a very trying period.

Many of the brows had been broken by shell fire and a heavy roll had broken up the fore-and-aft mole-anchors as was being placed.

The two foremost brows, however, reached the wall and the naval storming parties, led in the most gallant manner by Lieutenant-Commander Bryan F. Adams (Princess Royal), ran out along them, closely followed by the Royal Marines, gallantly led by Captain and Adjutant A. R. Chater.

Officers and men were carrying Lewis guns, bombs, ammunition, etc., and were under heavy machine gun fire at close range; add to this a drop of thirty feet between the ship and the mole, and some idea of the conditions which had to be faced may be realised.

Yet the storming of the mole was carried out without the smallest delay and without any apparent consideration of self-preservation.

The demolition party was on the mole about fifty-five minutes.

With the exception of Stoker Petty Officer

Harold L. Palliser, who was killed by a machine gun, the whole crew got away.

"I may say here that I regarded the chances of escape from any of the blocking ships as very slender, and this was well known to those who so readily volunteered for this hazardous service and to the volunteer crews of the motor launches who ran equal risks."

The effort to block Ostend did not succeed. The Brilliant (Commander Alfred E. Godsal, Centurion), with Sirius (Lieutenant-Commander Henry N. M. Hardy, D.S.O., Patrol), in her wake, was approaching the charted position of the Stroom Bank Buoy, but did not sight it as expected.

In the end, both ships, being practically fast ashore, Brilliant with her port engine immovable, and Sirius in sinking condition, were blown up where they stranded.

The crews were rescued by motor-launches. Lieutenant Roland Bourke, R.N.V.R., in M.L. 276, repeatedly went alongside Brilliant in the difficult circumstances of her starboard engines still going astern, while M.L. 283, under the command of Lieutenant Keith R. Hoare, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., embarked practically all the men from the Sirius, and sixteen from the Brilliant's whaler, sunk by gunfire.

## VINDICTIVE'S FINE END.

### Commander "Must Have Known His Efforts Were Successful."

The second attempt to block the entrance of the Ostend-Bruges Canal by sinking the Vendictive, described by Commodore Lynes in a report to Vice-Admiral Keyes, took place in the early morning of May 10, 1918, 200 tons of cement having been put into the ship.

When 200 yards off, the enemy batteries concentrated on her, but, the entrance being passed, Commander Godsal went outside the conning-tower and gave orders for placing the ship in her blocking position.

A heavy shell burst close by, which must have killed the commander, and a careful search later failed to reveal his body.

This very gallant officer must have known before being killed that his efforts were crowned with success.

## THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

### A Dull Day in the Markets—Rubbers Improve.

The City, Wednesday. The stock markets were very quiet in all sections with scarcely an interesting feature. War Loan remained 94 15-16. French loans were steady, Brazils again better. Mexicans continued in some favour, but changes slight. Mexican Railway Firsts 66, Seconds 45. Home Rails showed general recovery.

Iron and steels were again weakish in industrial. Caterings were unchanged; Aerated Bread's 33, Lyons 54, Maypoles 22s. 14d. Courtaulds were firm at 8 in Textiles. Sea Insurance 3 up 34. Breweries again good, Allsopp 40s. 6d. City of London shares 22s.

In Oils Trinidad Leaseholds were favoured 53s. 3d. on their maiden 10 per cent. dividend. Anglo-Egyptians were also a rather good market 3 15-16. Otherwise in this group tendency dull. Shells closed unchanged 74 after 73-15-16.

In Mines Cons. Mines Selection were favoured 28s. 9d. on dividend expectations and the recent good quarterly reports of the Springs and Brakpan subsidiaries. Goldfields Rhodesia reacted to 11s. 4d., Chartered to 22s. 6d., Colombian Mining to 48s.

Rubbers were firm, and at the close improving. Anglo-Drain 37s. 6d. bid, Tandjongs 44 bid, Rubber Trusts 22s. 9d., Anglo-Java 6s. 9d. all harder. Bangwans reacted to 31s. 9d. on profit shares. Dunlop Rubber after 54 reacted rather sharply to 51.

## BEAUTY IN BEADS.

### Little Specialty Shop That Caters for Women's Minor Needs.

Several women who have learned to judge feminine tastes accurately have been opening "individual shops" for women's special needs. Perhaps the greatest success is the little bead shop.

"There is a name in the beads I sell," the owner said to *The Daily Mirror*. "Soldiers from the East have sold me marvellously coloured beads, and many have come from officers who fought in Italy and Rumania."

Women now wear bead necklaces reaching to their knees who would only have worn jewels a few years ago. We have wonderful colours and mixtures. Often women come to me to choose bead chains and tassels before buying the materials for their gowns. They buy silks to match my beads."

## CLUB FOR SENIOR OFFICERS.

The Senior Officers' Club has been formed to provide residences for retired officers of the Navy, Army and Air Force in flats in different localities.

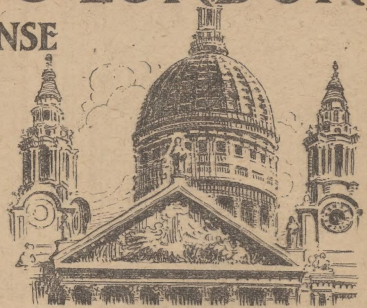
The club is planning clinical institutions for the treatment of tuberculosis, rheumatism and dietetic troubles resulting from the war.

The honorary secretary is Lieutenant-Colonel P. T. Westmoreland, The Albany, Hastings.

# COME TO LONDON AT OUR EXPENSE

LONDON, the City of Opportunities, is offering to-day a new and greater opportunity than any found before. For London is fast becoming the centre of the Film Industry—and the Film, with its ever-increasing popularity, offers highly-paid and congenial employment to thousands of men and women.

There is a growing need for trained Cinema Actors and Actresses. You can fit yourself to earn a large salary on the screen.



## LEARN CINEMA ACTING BY POST

The British School of Cinema Acting, realising the need for the competent Cinema Artist, is offering a course of Postal Tuition in the art of Film Acting. This course costs you little. It teaches the rudiments of facial expression, and offers an unequalled opportunity of continuing your training in London FREE of all expenses.

Photographs will be taken before, during, and after the course of Postal Tuition, and your progress will be judged by these. A committee composed of well-known Cinema and Theatrical Stars will examine the photographs, and those pupils who show most promise will then be awarded a complete course of

**FREE TUITION** in London. Their living expenses while training will also be paid by the British School of Cinema Acting. You thus have an opportunity of becoming a future Cinema Star, and the British School of Cinema Acting reserve the right to present you in one Empire Service Film.

## THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF CINEMA ACTING.

Principal Instructor; Miss CHRISTINE SILVER.

The popular West End Cinema Actress, who is assisted by several well-known Theatrical and Cinema Stars.

Apply for all particulars to BRITISH SCHOOL OF CINEMA ACTING, Secretarial Dept. 34-35, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.2.

# Kidney Trouble Anaemia, Nerves

The plain truth tells its own story.

Remarkable cures, when all else failed, by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

<p><b>Dropsy and Heart Pains.</b></p> <p>Miss Bush, 2, Albion's-road, Kettering, says:—"There is no doubt Dr. Cassell's Tablets saved my life. My kidneys got out of order, my arms, legs, face, and body began to swell all over. My heart was affected. I was in great distress. Nothing did me good until I tried Dr. Cassell's Tablets. I gradually got better until I was questioned."</p> <p><b>Sleepless and Nervous.</b></p> <p>Mrs. Walker, 4, Alderson Mount, Gledhow-st., Leeds, says:—"I got into a weak state, terribly run down and nervous. Food gave me pain and I could not sleep. I took a lot of things but they were no use. Then I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets and was soon quite well and strong again. They also cured my little girl of St. Vitus Dance."</p> <p><b>Intense Backache.</b></p> <p>Mr. W. H. Blake, 21, Arbury-st., Rugby, says:—"I suffered with intense pain in my back from kidney trouble. The pain was awful. I was too weak and ill to work. I was examined by X-rays. Nothing did me good until I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets. After a few doses I passed a stone, and then I gradually got completely well."</p>	<p><b>Nervous Anaemia.</b></p> <p>Mrs. Leedbetter, 21, Venice-st., Danhill, Repton, says:—"I went quite pale and thin with terrible headaches and pain in my side. It was nervousness. I felt most, and was in bed weeks at a time. Then I tried Dr. Cassell's Tablets. It was wonderful how my health returned. They made a new woman of me."</p> <p><b>Weak and Run-down.</b></p> <p>Mrs. Smith, 24, Walsley-street, Ferryhill, Co. Durham, says:—"I had no strength in me, and could not sleep at night. I felt low and depressed. I suffered for a long time. At last I tried Dr. Cassell's Tablets, then I slept well at night and soon got strong. They also cured my little boy of St. Vitus Dance."</p> <p><b>Acute Kidney Trouble.</b></p> <p>Mr. John Parker, 13, Arman-street, Roundhay-road, Leeds, says:—"For nearly five years I had kidney trouble in most acute form. I was sleepless, had no appetite, and suffered intensely. After taking Dr. Cassell's Tablets the pain soon went. I slept well, and now my health is splendid."</p>
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Write for full particulars of any of the above cases.

# Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are the recognised home Remedy for Nervous Breakdown, Nerve Paralysis, Infantile Paralysis, Neurasthenia, Sleeplessness, Anxiety, Kidney Trouble, Indigestion, Palpitation, Vital Exhaustion, Nervous Debility. Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and during the Critical Periods of Life. Sold by all Chemists and Stores throughout the British Empire. Home Prices: 1/6 and 3/6, the 3/6 size being the more economical.

## FREE INFORMATION

as to the suitability of Dr. Cassell's Tablets in your case sent on request. Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Chester Road, Manchester.





Two interesting debutantes: Right, Miss Marjorie Jessel, daughter of Sir Charles Jessel; left, Miss Cora Moore, daughter of General Sir Newton Moore.

## THE SURE SHIELD.

An Eight-Hours Day in Whitehall?—The King at Westminster Abbey.

THE MARVELLOUS EFFICIENCY of the Navy in whatever it puts its hand to was never better shown than in some details of the Zebrugge reports, published in a *Gazette* this morning. According to the arrangements, the vindictive should have been laid alongside the mole at midnight. Actually it was one minute after twelve o'clock when she took up her station!

### An Illustrated Gazette.

The *Gazette* makes brave reading. No conception of novelist was ever as thrilling as these dispatches, passionless and unembroidered, of Sir Roger Keyes. By-the-by, the *Gazette* has broken out into illustrations—a plan of the operation coming with it.

### Exigent Mischief-makers.

There is the highest authority for stating that the Government has determined to clear every alien Bolshevik propagandist out of the country at the earliest possible moment. For the purposes of this action "the earliest possible moment" may be taken to mean at once.

### An Appeal.

"On behalf of women, implore you resist Smillie's suicidal strike policy" is the text of a telegram sent by the Cardiff Women's Party organiser to a Labour member of the House of Commons. Women know only too well what strikes mean to the community.

### Lusty Labour.

An old and far-seeing public man remarked to me yesterday: "The Industrial Conference is a good idea, but I do not feel so sure about a permanent body of the kind. Labour might eventually clamour for the conferment of legislative powers, and the tendency might be to supplant Parliament."

### Duke and Doctor.

It may be that the Duke of Connaught was made colonel-in-chief of the R.A.M.C. at his own request. He is the first to hold the position. If it be objected that the Duke is not a doctor, let it be remembered that an honorary degree in medicine was bestowed on him long years ago.

### Royal Review.

The corps is enthusiastic over its new honour. In the summer a review of units who have served overseas will probably be held. The venue mentioned is Wimbledon Common.

### Author-President.

President Wilson is a busy man; but I hear that before he left Europe he told a few friends that he intended to write a book when he had time.

### Explanations.

The chief interest of the book will, of course, be in the reasons which the President will give for not entering the war earlier. Of course, this vital book will not be given to the world till the end of Dr. Wilson's term.

### Railways and Canals.

A railway official denied to me yesterday that the railway companies own most of the canals in the United Kingdom and systematically neglect them. He said that out of a total canal mileage of 4,670 miles only 1,360 miles are owned or controlled by the railway companies. The word now lies with their critics!

### Mare and Milk.

Talk of turning the sword into a ploughshare. When the R.A.F. camp at Denham, Bucks, is vacated, as it will be shortly, it will be converted into a condensed milk factory, I hear.

# TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

### The King at the Abbey.

I was passing Westminster Abbey yesterday morning at the precise moment when the King arrived for the memorial service to the fallen members of the flying services. His Majesty was accompanied by Prince Albert. Both were in khaki.

### A Royal Reception.

The King was received at the Abbey door by Bishop Ryle, who was wearing a black cope with the ribbon of the Order of the Garter. Just behind him was Brigadier-General Seely, in black morning dress.

### Other Arrivals.

A minute or so later Mr. Winston Churchill, warmly clad in a thick overcoat with astrakhan collar, arrived in his car. He was followed by Admiral Sims, of the United States Navy, who walked briskly along the pathway to the church.

### Women Electors.

There was a very businesslike gathering of women, including policewomen in uniform, some noted doctors and a composer at the meeting of the Women's Municipal Party, at which Lady Frances Balfour presided. Certainly, women are going to play their part in the March elections.

### Peeress Speakers.

Municipal women do not lack smartness. A girl sitting behind me commented on the Duchess of Marlborough's coat with its fur cape, as she was speaking, and became enthusiastic when Viscountess Ridley rose to speak. She wore a blouse of yellow, red and blue velvet with a fur collar.

### Eight Hours for Civil Servants.

There is a rumour in Government departments that the Treasury has sanctioned a new scheme of salaries for the entire Civil Service. It is also proposed to increase the daily attendance of Civil Servants from seven hours to eight hours. I can assure that Government officials are not altogether pleased at the prospect of another hour's extra work per day.

### Conservative Officials.

In 1916 my Lords attempted to persuade the Civil Service to accept an eight-hours day. However, there was such a hubbub in the Service that the proposal was withdrawn. Civil Servants are most conservative folk where their vested interests are concerned.

### For a Princess-To-Be.

I was in a West End bookshop yesterday, when a friend of the Asquith family came in and ordered an edition de luxe of some of the poets—names I caught were Shelley and Swinburne—as a wedding gift for Miss Elizabeth Asquith.

### A Coming Craze.

Enormous numbers of scooters could be sold just now if they were on the market. They are chiefly demanded by middle-aged people who do not take kindly to the motor bicycle.



Countess Wrangell, the second daughter of the Minister in London.



Miss Grace Bethell, the second daughter of Sir John Bethell, M.P.

but hundreds of girls are eager for scooters because they can go short journeys on them without soiling nice clothes.

### A Concrete Fact.

My suggestion of concrete houses in view of the absence of those six billion bricks has aroused wide interest. Mr. Edmund Grove, of South Kensington, kindly sends me a photograph of a bungalow entirely made of concrete reinforced with a patent material.

### Looking Ahead.

An old woman just managed to struggle on to my bus the other evening with a large bundle of washing. "Never mind, ma," cheerfully chortled the conductor. "Wait until the time comes when you can take your washing home by aeroplane."

### After-Easter Wedding.

I am told the wedding of Lady Rosemary Leveson-Gower will not take place until after Easter, and will set the ball rolling for the second part of the season. Lady Rosemary loves picturesqueness and pageantry, and after the royal ceremony of the 27th hers will be the most brilliant of the important weddings.

### Cardiff's Intellectual Chief.

Mr. David Williams, who assisted Sir Arthur Conan Doyle at the Cardiff spiritualistic séance, is the Chief Constable of that city and is a man of amazingly many parts. He is one of the best living authorities on Welsh literature and history. He is, I believe, the first Welshman to occupy the position he now holds in Cardiff.

### Naval Mules.

The Admiralty is offering for sale some sets of mule harness. "Does this mean the demobilisation of the Horse Marines?" asks a correspondent with regrettable flippancy.

### Got an "Extension"?

Extended leave for officers and men abroad is being much more readily granted than in fighting days. And quite recently all



Mr. John Rea as Abraham Lincoln in Mr. Drinkwater's play, produced in London yesterday.



Miss Irene Vanbrugh will soon be seen on the London stage again in a Barrie sketch.

soldiers due to return through Calais got an unexpected extra week, whether it was wanted or not. The official excuse was "congestion of the ports."

### Out of Work Nurses.

I hear that the next thing to be "demobilised" is the military hospital. These institutions may cease to exist after June 4, which means that many nurses will soon be available for work elsewhere.

### Moose-Hunting in Scotland.

A Canadian soldier was bragging to a "kiltie" about moose-hunting. "It's nae sport, mon," said Jock, disdainfully. "In Aberdeen wee lassies catch the wee beastie wi' a penny trap and a bit o' cheese."

### The Luck of the Queen's.

The Butt-Hutchison dispute has reached an interesting stage, and lawyers' letters are hurrying around. Sir Alfred, I gather, objects to Mr. Hutchison's attitude in the statements he has given out.

### The Playhouse of Peril.

As I have told you, Sir Alfred Butt wants possession of the Queen's in order to put on "The House of Peril," and Mr. Hutchison, having a success in "The Luck of the Navy," naturally does not want to take it off. Hence all the excitement.

### Beggars' Language.

The beggars have come back to town, and are reviving their own queer phraseology. Asked one of me in the Strand late last night: "If you would oblige me with a lucifer, sir, I would be deeply grateful. And if you have any loose silver—" Said another: "I have not partaken of food for four and eighty hours."

### Jethou Island.

People who want to escape from the strife and turmoil of to-day might consider the Island of Jethou, near Guernsey, which the authorities are offering on a long lease. The island contains one house, is overrun with rabbits, and the last tenant, Sir Martin Goslin, used to keep kangaroos on it.

### An Author's Dodge.

I know a distinguished author who has this postscript added to every letter he sends: "No answer is required unless a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed." In that way has he silenced 50 per cent. of his correspondents.

THE RAMBLER.

## LIVER TROUBLES



WHEN the liver is out of order, sufferers experience a nauseous, bilious feeling, a capricious appetite, a jaundiced complexion, and irregularity of bowel action.

Scouring the over-taxed liver with drugs is too drastic a remedy. What is needed is the soothing, purifying assistance of Ker-nak.

A Ker-nak pill taken directly after a meal, and another at bed-time will very shortly put the liver and bowels in perfect working order. Ker-nak has special properties which make it the ideal liver regulator.

# Ker-nak

## REMOVES STOMACH MISERY

and cures Constipation, Piles, Indigestion, Wind, Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, Liver Chills, Anemia, Salivaceous, Blood Impurities, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion and its after effects, and the many ailments that come with the cold weather. 13 & 3/- a box of all Chemists and Drug Stores.

## The Clear Complexion of the English Girl

is the reason for the admiration of all Colonials. The English girl uses Oatine—it keeps her face and hands clear, soft, and velvety. 1/11, and 2/5. Ask for

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# THE LOVE RIVAL

## PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

**HELEN CARSTAIRS**, a young and beautiful typist, who is engaged to **ROY DUNBAR**, the assistant manager of the firm which employs her.

**KITTY LATIMER**, Helen's stepister, engaged to **Dennis Clare**, a Canadian farmer, but in love with Helen's fiancé.

**HUGH LONSDALE**, who, masquerading as Roy Dunbar, has been flirting with Kitty.

## MUTUAL CONFESSION.

"FORGIVE you!" exclaimed Roy, his voice husky and tremulous with emotion. "Oh, my dear, my dear, there can be no talk of forgiveness between you and me. Don't you understand that I love you, love you with all my heart and soul, with every breath of my body!"

It needed an effort to restrain himself from taking Helen in his arms there and then in the crowded thoroughfare. He conquered the wild impulse, but he drew Helen's hand through his arm, and held it close to his side.

She could feel his heart throbbing, and a queer thrill of happiness that seemed tinged with pain went through her, and tears came to her eyes.

"I could forgive anything—anything," continued Roy, in a low voice. "I have been through purgatory, Helen. I thought you did not care, and possibly had never cared. I thought you had snatched at an excuse to get rid of me."

"No!" no!" breathed Helen; and the protest came from the heart of her heart.

She realised a moment later what the significance of the protest or denial must convey to Roy, and felt her face burning. She did not dare to turn her head to look at him, but she knew instinctively that his eyes were upon her and that he understood.

"Helen, do you mean that you still love me?" asked Roy. "Answer me. I want to hear you say the words."

For a few moments Helen could not speak. She felt as if she were choking, and as if she wanted to cry. Then she forced herself to turn her head and meet Roy's eyes.

She was conscious of a desire to evade the question, or to refrain from answering. For the moment she had forgotten everything save Roy and the fact that he loved her, and that she had done him a great injustice.

"I do love you, Roy," she answered simply, scarcely louder than a whisper. "I have always loved you, and always shall. But—"

"Nothing else matters!" exclaimed Roy excitedly, with a chuckle laugh that seemed to have a sob in it. "Let's go somewhere to talk. . . . I know! The little tea-shop where we talked on the day that you promised to marry me! How long ago it seems!"

He hailed a passing taxi as he spoke, handed Helen in, then seated himself beside her, after giving the driver instructions. He did not speak, but as the taxi raced off of the glare of lights at Victoria and crossed the Park he put his arms around Helen, drawing her close, and his lips sought hers.

Helen surrendered herself to his embrace, and he could have cried aloud in exultation when she returned his kisses.

"Oh, my darling, if you knew what I have suffered!" whispered Roy, as he released her. "I thought you knew the truth—you could not misunderstand me. I thought that you did not know—and I thought that you had turned against me."

"I thought I had lost you, and that you had ceased to care for me. Life for me had become a burden and a misery. Oh, if I had only known!"

"I have suffered, too, Roy," Helen responded. "She was crying softly, but the tears were tears of joy and not of grief. I thought that you had been deceiving me, and that you had lied to me. What else could I believe?"

"Kitty had told me that she was in love with Roy Dunbar, and that she was with her. Tell me how it all happened, Roy."

Briefly and lucidly Roy explained, but he had not quite finished his story when the taxi stopped at the door of the fashionable tearoom in which he and Helen had taken tea on that memorable evening after Roy had first confessed his love.

Memories came surging back to Helen as she entered the tearoom, and she could have fought back the tears which threatened to rise to her eyes again.

The tearoom was practically deserted, for most of its fashionable clients were already on their way home. Helen took a table in the secluded corner in which they had sat before, and where they were able to talk freely after the waitress had served tea.

"I don't quite understand Mr. Kitty's game," commented Roy, thoughtfully, after telling Helen the whole story of the deception practised by Lonsdale. "I have been thinking it over to-day, and I begin to suspect that she had some purpose of her own in misleading me."

"It was she who suggested that you had thrown me over, because you had fallen in love with Dennis Clare. . . . Why, dear, what is wrong?"

Helen had started violently and her face had blushed at the mention of Dennis Clare's name. Actually, until that moment from the time of meeting Roy at the entrance to her office, she had completely forgotten the very existence of Dennis.

Now, disturbingly, it all came back, and she remembered her position. She had promised to marry Dennis at that very moment she was wearing his engagement ring—but she was in love with Roy, and only a little while before she had been in Roy's arms, and her lips had clung to his! Her eyes went involuntarily to the ring

(Translating, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

on her finger, then she glanced up quickly to meet Roy's concerned eyes.

"Roy, do you know that I am engaged to be married to Dennis Clare?" she asked, and held out the hand with the circlet of diamonds sparkling on the third finger.

"Yes, I had not forgotten, sweetheart," Roy responded quietly, with an odd smile. "You promised to marry him because he threatened to shoot me if you refused, didn't you? Tell me how it all happened."

Helen, looking very troubled again, complied, frankly relating the causes which had led her to accept Dennis in the first instance, and the subsequent events.

"So it was really I who was to blame to some extent," commented Roy, after listening in silence to the whole story. "I should have followed my impulse, refused to allow you to snub me and throw me over, insisted upon your listening to my explanations, and carried you off by force if needs be. These were my natural inclinations. Helen, but I did not follow them."

"Instead, like a fool, I doubted and hesitated. I told myself that you had ceased to care, and were ready to believe the worst of me."

"I came near to losing you, but I am not going to lose you again. You're mine now, Helen, mine, and nothing shall ever part us again."

## REUNITED.

HE caught up Helen's left hand as he spoke, and gently, but firmly pulled off Dennis Clare's ring, which he tossed down on the table. Then, while Helen was still gazing at him apprehensively and in astonishment, he produced from his pocket another beautiful ring—a cluster of diamonds set in platinum—which he slipped on in place of the one he had removed.

"My ring," he explained, his grey eyes glowing as he looked across at Helen. "I bought it on the day I came back to London from the north, and I have been waiting so eagerly to putting it on your finger when I came to Sydney that evening."

"Sometimes I have called myself a fool for carrying it with me always, and once, when you turned from me disdainfully that evening in Victoria-street, I came near to flinging it into the fire. Now, at last, it is where it belongs!"

The colour had been coming and going in Helen's lovely face as she listened, and her own eyes were sparkling like stars now. She raised her left hand to her lips and kissed the ring.

"I shall seal the compact as it should be sealed," he whispered Roy. "It might cause a sensation if I kissed you now, sweetheart, and I notice that the little waitress is watching."

Helen blushed in sweet confusion and pretended for a few moments to be absorbed in pouring out tea.

"But what is to be done about Dennis Clare, Roy?" she asked gravely, after a pause. He was firm fixed in his mind now that you are responsible for all his troubles, and he may decline to believe that the explanation is genuine."

"He may become violent and do something rash. He is an impetuous and passionate fellow."

"Yes, I know," Roy answered, looking thoughtful. "But there should not be any great difficulty in convincing him of my guiltlessness, now that Kitty is prepared to bear out my story. I would rather not bring Hugh Lonsdale into the affair personally now."

"In any case, he is in his wedding trip, and I don't quite know how to get into touch with him. Where can I see Clare?"

"I can give you his address, but I think you had better let me see him first, Roy, and tell him what has happened. I expect he will be at Sydneyham this evening—probably he is waiting there for me now—and I can call Kitty in, if she is at home, to convince him that it has all been a mistake. I shall not be able to bring him and Kitty together again."

"Perhaps he has really fallen in love with you, Helen," suggested Roy, as a jealous pang shot through him. "It seems likely likely. I can quite understand any man doing that, and preferring you to your step-sister. You are sure you don't care for him, Helen?"

Helen smiled in spite of herself, and that smile dissipated all Roy's jealousy and fear. "Haven't I told you, Roy, that I love you?"

"Helen asked, "There never will be room in my heart for any other man but you."

"Perhaps it will not be difficult to convince Dennis of the mistake, after all," she continued, quickly, with a change of tone. "I shall ask Kitty to tell him the whole truth and ask his forgiveness, and I shall beg him to be reasonable, and not to be so likely to be so generally, I shall tell daddy everything, and ask him to reason with Dennis."

"Don't you think I might come down to Sydneyham this evening, and take the opportunity of introducing you to him and your step-father?" suggested Roy. "I want everything settled, Helen, without delay."

"I think it would be advisable to allow me to see the married Roy," Helen said. "I would rather you didn't have to meet Dennis until—until he is convinced of his error—and it won't be possible to settle everything in a few minutes, will it? Well, leave it to you, sweetheart," said Roy, with a laugh. "I suggested to Kitty that I should come down to see you last night, but she begged to be allowed to explain matters first. I sincerely hope that your explanations will be more satisfactory than Kitty's have been!"

"I cannot understand why Kitty has been so decidedly prejudiced against Helen. What can she have hoped to accomplish by concealing the truth from me?"

## By IOLA GILFILLAN

Long and earnestly did they discuss the question, and many other questions, and it was past seven o'clock when at last they parted at Victoria, both feeling that life had become wonderful and delightful again.

## Helen Carstairs.

"I shall write to you to-night, Roy, and tell you what happens at home, and to-morrow evening you can meet me again," Helen promised as she said good-night. "I feel sure Dennis will be sensible, and that everything will be all right."

Her heart beat high with hope, and she was radiantly happy as she journeyed homewards, although she realised that her course would not be an easy one, as far as explaining the position to Dennis Clare was concerned.

## A THUNDERBOLT.

HER happiness gave her confidence and courage to face what she knew would be an ordeal, and she felt that the result could not be in doubt. She would have been far from optimistic had she been aware that while she and Roy were discussing plans, Kitty had taken the game into her own hands, as it were, and had complicated matters further.

Kitty had arrived home a little earlier than usual, to find Dennis Clare making himself agreeable to her aunt, who was questioning him about his ideas for the arrangements regarding Helen's wedding.

Kitty's first impulse was to withdraw quickly, but she screwed up her courage, and decided to remain. She saw that Dennis was ill at ease in her presence, and she was desperately anxious to get Mrs. Harrington to change the subject.

Presently Mrs. Harrington withdrew to superintend the arrangements for dinner, and Kitty was nervous, and sat tapping her daintily-shod foot on the floor and gazing intently into the fire.

Dennis fidgeted in embarrassment, clapping and unclapping his big sinewy hands, and occasionally tugging at his black moustache and darting a glance at Kitty's face.

"Er—better weather to-day," he ventured at last, finding the silence becoming oppressive. "I—er—think we should have a good harvest this year."

"Yes?" Kitty raised her dark eyes to glance at him; then, to his utter consternation, she suddenly burst into tears.

Kitty knew the value of tears as an aid to achieving her own ends and gaining sympathy and help, and she had used them as a weapon on more than one occasion. In this instance, however, the outburst was quite spontaneous, and the tears were genuine.

They were tears of self-pity rather than remorse, for it had occurred to her how ironic was her position, alone in the room with the man she loved and to whom she had been engaged, the man she had regarded as her devoted lover and abject slave; and now he could find nothing to say to her beyond a remark about the weather and the crops!

"Why, what is the matter, Kitty?" stammered Dennis. "What on earth are you crying for?"

"Oh, how can I help it?" sobbed Kitty, as if her heart was breaking. "Everyone is so cruel to me. Nobody seems to care for me now. Even you treat me as if I was an utter stranger!"

"Oh, lord!" groaned Dennis, despairingly, raising his fingers through his hair distractedly. "Say, what's the use of reproaching me? Is it my fault?"

"You used to care for me," gasped out Kitty, gazing at him reproachfully with streaming eyes.

"You said you would always love me, and—and that I was the only girl in the world for you."

Dennis sat up with a jerk and his face hardened. "Yes, that's so," he retorted curtly. "And you said you loved me and would be willing to wait years for me, or go to the ends of the earth with me. But you changed your mind as soon as you met a man with more money, and you threw me over without a qualm, apparently."

"Dennis, oh, Dennis, I am sorry!" cried Kitty, dashing the tears from her eyes and holding out her hand with an appealing gesture. "Forgive me! I must have been mad, I think, to behave as I did. I am sorry."

"Oh, I forgive you all right, Kitty, if that's what's troubling you," said Dennis, feeling awkward. "For goodness sake don't cry."

"Dennis, it isn't too late to—to make a fresh start, is it?" quavered Kitty, a gleam of hope in her eyes.

"I'll agree to be married to Helen, as you know," he answered stiffly, his face flushing darkly.

"But Helen does not really love you!" burst out Kitty. "She is in love with Roy Dunbar, and he is in love with her."

"Quite so!" remarked Dennis, with exasperating calmness. "That's one of the reasons why I am going to marry Helen. I am acquiring all accounts with Dunbar—and with you."

Kitty stared at him open-mouthed; then sprang to her feet. "Dennis, you don't understand!" she exclaimed breathlessly. "Roy Dunbar isn't the man who caused me to break off my engagement to you. Helen made a mistake. She didn't understand, but she understands now. She is meeting Roy Dunbar to-night."

Do not miss to-morrow's instalment of this fascinating story.



BABY ROY TAYLOR.

## "As hard as nails."

59, Third Avenue, Bordesley Green, Birmingham.

Dear Sirs, Enclosed please find photos of my baby boy Roy, aged 14 months, who since he was 3 months old has been brought up on Virol. He had an attack of diarrhoea and sickness when 3 months, which pulled him down a lot, so I started him on Virol (which had proved such a good friend to my little girl, aged 5), and now he is as hard as nails, and well equipped for the coming winter.

(Signed) Mrs. E. TAYLOR.

Virol is used in large quantities in more than 2,000 Hospitals and Infant Clinics. Virol Babies have firm flesh, strong bones, and good colour.

# VIROL

In Jars, 1/4, 1/10, and 3/8.

VIROL LTD., 145-168, Old St., London, E.C. BRITISH MADE, BRITISH OWNED.

Sole Agents.



Use it on your Hands and Face last thing at night and you never need worry about your appearance.

# BEETHAM'S La-rola

(With Glycerine)

is a natural skin food and emollient, which takes away all the tell-tale traces of housework, red and roughened hands, &c. It is a thing which every housewife should know about. The work must be done, but you can use LA-ROLA and yet retain a complexion and hands second to none for softness and delicate whiteness.

Of all Chemists and Stores, 1/4d.

M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham Spa, Eng.

## PALE COMPLEXIONS

may be greatly improved by just a touch of "LA-ROLA ROSE BLOOM," which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial. It gives THE BEAUTY SPOT! Boxes 1/4.



## FEBRUARY'S RUSH OF BRIDES.

Not Enough Churches, Choristers and Bellringers

### DRESSMAKERS' TASKS.

In announcing her engagement to Captain Lord Carnegie, A.D.C., the Hon. Anne Thesiger, daughter of Lord Chelmsford, Viceroy of India, is only following the example of Princess Patricia and Lady Maud Mackintosh, daughter of the Duke of Devonshire, each of whom became engaged to her father's A.D.C.

The marriage, whether it takes place in India or England, will be a splendid one, the bride's father occupying the highest post any subject of the King can hold.

The bridegroom, heir to the Earl of Southesk, is only twenty-five and A.D.C. to his future father-in-law. The young bride is twenty, and interested herself in the management of soldiers' canteens in India during the war.

The problem of finding a London church to be married in is a serious one for the February bride.

So many marriages have been arranged in Mayfair that one notable church in which society brides choose to be married is "booked" for such ceremonies throughout the month.

When one reflects that 104 society girls have announced their approaching marriages within the last ten days in the columns of *The Times* alone, and that three times that number got engaged and did not announce it, you will see that in Mayfair alone the difficulties are great.

### THE VICAR'S VIEW.

A popular vicar said to *The Daily Mirror*: "They all want to be married before Lent, so as to have a full choral ceremony, with banks of palms, flowers, girls and so on. Our choir-boys, bellringers and the clergy will be grateful when Lent comes."

The outer London churches report even a greater congestion of requests for ceremonies.

"Faithful girls who have waited all these years for war prisoners or men in the East to get home are the ones I choose first," a rector in the north of London said.

"I ask the length of their engagement and marry them in that order. Some men have patiently waited all through the war, saying nothing, because they thought a war wedding was unfair to a girl. I do not agree with their argument, but I marry them among the first, because I respect their sincerity."

"Dressmakers can hardly cope with wedding orders. Brides' gowns, trousseaux, bridesmaids' and pages' suits, up to a dozen for one wedding; mothers' gowns and their guests'—these are what I have to make for each wedding," a dressmaker said to *The Daily Mirror*.

"And, oh, the tears if they are late or I refuse."

## DANCING A LA MODE.

Why "Jazzing" Has Become So Popular Everywhere.

### NEW DANCE REGULATIONS.

The decrees regulating high-class dancing are as arbitrary as those of dress. Dance fashions change with even more bewildering rapidity. Style, as well as steps, is constantly altering.

Officers on leave complain that, having mastered certain intricate steps, they return a few weeks later to find them regarded as "bad form" and "out of date."

Dancing is now taken more seriously than formerly. Practically the same steps are introduced in every dance.

The fancy for the moment is to dance out of time. It is fascinating to watch and do. It was introduced by the Americans. Dance programmes, abolished for a time, are returning to favour.

Introductions are dispensed with, eager "jazzers" considering them a waste of time.

"Adaptability is the secret of good dancing," a dancing teacher said to *The Daily Mirror*.

"Learn to be adaptable; study the particular style of your partner; and above all don't show off. Don't keep in the middle of the room doing 'stunts' that nobody else knows, or is doing—it is the height of bad form."

"The popularity of the jazz steps—which are included in every dance—is due to the overcrowding of modern ballrooms. Jazzing can be done in a comparatively confined space."

"The coming-home-late-at-night step, and the corkscrew three-step are very popular, and not as intricate as might be supposed. The waltz and Boston-Chassez are returning."

Most doctors are of the opinion that dancing in itself is an antidote to flu.

### THE EASTER HOLIDAYS.

People Already Booking Hotel Rooms—No Tours in France Yet.

Many people are already booking rooms in hotels or securing apartments for Easter week. Coast towns will be heavily invaded.

"We are booking people for Monte Carlo and the South of France provisionally, but passport difficulties restrict foreign travel now," an official of a travel bureau said to *The Daily Mirror*.

"When the embargo is removed, an enormous number of people will spend their holidays in seeing the battlefields of Belgium and France. Ypres will be a show place for years to come. But few visitors will be permitted to go to France this year, at any rate. The French will be too busy with reconstruction work to look after tourists."

### ALLOTMENTS AS BUILDING SITES.

Sir A. Griffith-Boscawen, in a written parliamentary answer, says that the Local Government Board cannot undertake to secure fixity of tenure for allotment holders, in view of the fact that the land may be required for building in the near future.

## Bottled up Energy

—an apt description of a flask of Bitro-Phosphate tablets, because these tablets literally create new energy.

Just as an exhausted electric battery can be re-charged, so can energy and vitality be restored to weak and exhausted nerve cells by the aid of this truly wonderful

## Bitro-Phosphate

(Concentrated Food for the Brain and Nerves).

Take one tablet during or immediately after every meal, and carefully note the result. Very soon your appetite will improve, your eyes will grow brighter, and your cheeks glow with health. You will sleep better and wake up bright and refreshed. Your brain will act quickly and clearly, nerves will cease troubling you, and a decided gain in mental and physical strength will be apparent.

received recently from Mr. F. G. Newman, Quay, Poole, who writes:—"My nerves were in a terrible state and I was daily wasting away when I first tried Bitro-phosphate. But this remedy has proved wonderfully effective and to-day I am a new man."

Nothing but good can possibly follow the use of Bitro-phosphate tablets. They contain no harmful, habit-forming drugs and may be safely taken by men and women of all ages.

Proof is furnished by a letter

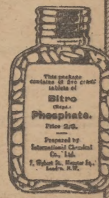
Invaluable for the Weak and Run-down.

## Bitro-Phosphate Tablets

Can now be obtained in handy pocket flasks of high-class chemists and stores everywhere

Price 2/6 per flask,

containing sufficient tablets for two weeks' treatment, or sent post free on receipt of price by sole manufacturers:—  
INTERNATIONAL CHEMICAL CO. PANY, LTD.,  
7 WYBET ST., MUNSTER SQUARE, LONDON, N.W.1.



## Bitro-Phosphate

The Wonderful Restorative of Nervous Force & Energy

### GOWNS THAT SUIT HER COLOURING.



Because her hair was the hue of the raven's wing and because her cheeks were like the rose she selected this frock of dawn pink chamuseuse, with its naive little bodice beaded in silver.

This girl chose her black satin gown knowing full well that it would be an excellent setting for her brilliant red hair, and she firmly insisted on having shining copper face to match it.

## SEVENTY YEARS' Experience & Approval

stand behind

## WOODWARD'S GRIPE WATER

The Standard British Medicine for Infants and young Children.

In these trying days

## WOODWARD'S GRIPE WATER Keeps Baby Well!

W. WOODWARD, Ltd., 79, Finsbury Road, London, N.W.

### MISSING SOLDIERS.

CAN any returned prisoner give any information concerning 42449 Pte. S. S. Lindsey, 1st Platoon, D Coy, 2/7 Man. Chester Regt., missing March 21, 1918. Write Mrs. Lindsey, Scordington, Fellingham, Lincs.

THEACY—Can any returned prisoner of war, stretcher-bearer, or comrade supply any information respecting Pte. Donald E. Treacy, No. 51747, 2 Coy., 6 Platoon, 18th Batt. King's Liverpool Regiment, reported missing March 21/22, 1918. Last heard of at St. Quentin Redoubt, near Savy, west of St. Quentin, severely wounded machine gun bullet, and, if alive, fell into enemy hands. Any further information will be thankfully received by his parents at "Mayville," Off Peel House-lane, Farnworth, Wigan.

### ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

LADY REID'S Teeth Society, Ltd.—Gas 2s. Artificial Teeth at Hospital Prices. Tel. Mayfair 5559. 624, Oxford-street, Marble Arch.

### PERSONAL.

A. B.—Have you decided?

SHALL be very pleased to see my friend.—F. SUPERFLUOUS Hair permanently removed from face with electricity. Ladies only.—Miss Florence Wood, 29, Granville-gardens, Shepherd's Bush Green, W. 12.

### WANTED TO PURCHASE.

ARTIFICIAL Teeth (Old) Bought.—Vulcanite up to 7s. A per tooth; silver, gold, platinum, up to £2; cash or offers; call or post; mention "Daily Mirror"—Messrs. Faust, 219, Oxford-st., London. Estd. 150 years. OLD False Teeth, Jewellery, etc.—Highest possible value given or offers by return. If not accepted mode returned immediately, post free. Platinum Scrap, £10 per oz. Haythorn and Co., 105, Market-st., Manchester. URGENTLY Needed.—All kinds Ladies' Gents' cast U off clothing; cash sent immediately. Est. 60 years.—Mrs. H. Walker, 6, Doris-street, Kennington, London.



# TWELVE ENTRANTS FOR "THE DAILY MIRROR" BEAUTY COMPETITION.



Worked as a V.A.D. for more than two and a half years.



A London entrant who held a post in one of the Government offices.



Acted as clerk at the Army Pension Issue Office and at the Admiralty Controller's office.



Worked as a clerk in the London office of a famous armament firm.



Helper at a war hospital supply depot on south coast.



Entertained wounded and worked at Navy and Army canteen board.



Did gardening for nearly the whole period of the war.



A London entrant who acted as clerk in one of the Ministries.



Entertained the wounded and sang and danced at war charity concerts.



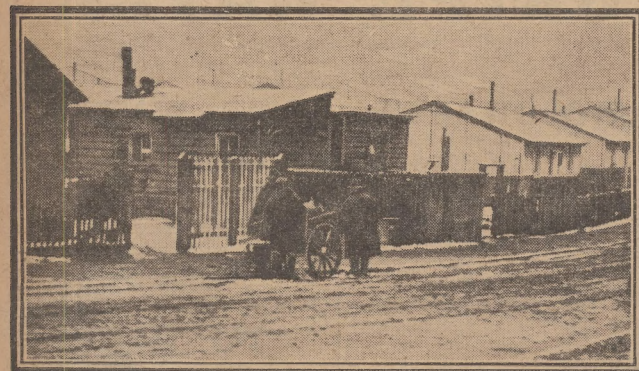
Employed as a clerk at a large firm which was engaged on war work.



V.A.D. work and in Accountancy Department, Board of Trade.



A V.A.D. cook in a military hospital in the North of Ireland.



**A NO-RENT STRIKE.**—A general view of the hut colony at Wellhall, near Woolwich. The occupants, who are Government tenants, decline to pay the rent, the allegation being that the charge is too high for the accommodation provided.



**TRANSPORT WORKERS' CLAIMS.**—Representatives of the masters (port employers from all parts of the kingdom) conferring at the Ministry of Labour. Subsequently they and the men's representatives met Sir Robert Horne, the Minister.



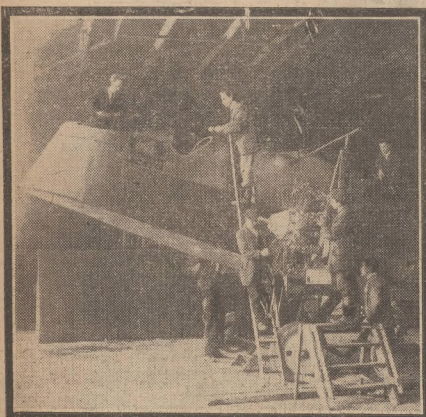
in five minutes, Murray getting over. Cockerott got a second try. In the second half Stoke scored two more tries



# Daily Mirror

Thursday, February 20, 1919.

FROM WAR TO PEACE.



The D.H.11, a new machine, originally designed as a bomber, but which has now been adapted to carry fourteen to sixteen passengers.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



**A NAVAL WEDDING.**—Lieutenant Beavor, R.N., and his bride (Miss Margaret Agnew) after their wedding at Holy Trinity, Sloane-street, yesterday.



**CAMBRIDGE FLOODED.**—Not since 1879 has Cambridge known such floods. Members of the Women's Legion leaving their garage for their billets.

## THE KING AT MEMORIAL SERVICE TO AIRMEN.



The King leaving Westminster Abbey after the service. His Majesty was wearing the cap of the R.A.F.



Prince Albert. He is being trained as a pilot.



General Brancker, ex-Deputy Director Military Aeronautics.

A memorial service for officers and men of the Royal Air Force (including the Royal Naval Air Service and the Royal Flying Corps) who fell in the war was held yesterday in Westminster Abbey.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



Major-General J. E. B. Seely.



Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill.